JOHN BULL, JANUARY 20, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1753.

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FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 18B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it. See page 29.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick" (Dept. M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

KELLOGG'S All-Bran is a natural bulk food which assists bowel muscles, tones the intestinal tract and enriches the blood. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every day and you will forget what it is to be constipated. This delicious breakfast food brings about a natural movement. Put it on your Shopping list. Obtainable at all grocers, 7½d. a packet. See page 25.

KEYSTONE Burgundy is an excellent health restorer, particularly when weakness follows illness. You see, Keystone Burgundy contains iron which is essential to the blood, of which there is usually a deficiency after an illness. The natural iron in Keystone Burgundy does not upset your digestion or give you headaches or constipation. A course of Keystone Burgundy will improve your appetite and revive your interest in life. It can be obtained at all Wine Merchants and licensed grocers. See page 20.

FAMEL Syrup conquers coughs. It succeeds because it contains a wonderful substance called Soluble Lacto-creosote, which gets right into the blood stream and there destroys the harmful germs that are the cause of most throat and breathing complaints. Famel Syrup therefore gets to the root of the trouble and so gives lasting, permanent benefit. Take it at the slightest touch of bronchial trouble and you will stay free from coughs all the winter. See page 33.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 9, Oxford Street, W.1.

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FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.10), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.)

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GOOD soap flakes do not have to be expensive. You get double value for your money in Sylvan Flakes. Sylvan's gentleness will save wear on fabrics and hands. They will not shrink woollens, and their rich lather gently penetrates the fabric and brings your things whiter and cleaner. Sylvan suds rinse away completely, leaving your clothes sweet and fresh. Sylvan Flakes are pure—the safest for anything, whether for delicate fabrics or your own skin. The giant pack, 1/-, is the most economical size, but you can get other economical sizes at 6d. and 3½d. See page 27.

A SPECIAL announcement of importance to all *John Bull* readers appears on page 21. The issue of the new National Savings Certificates will enable you to make your contribution to paying for the war. These certificates are on sale at all Post Offices and Savings Banks throughout the country. Give your full support to this appeal, the success of which will be a vital contribution in helping to bring us victory!

FOR safety during Black-out. The necessary street lighting restrictions make it imperative that all approaches to the house should be clearly marked. It is, therefore, a wise precaution to whiten all front steps, kerbs, path edgings, garage runs, etc. A very convenient way of doing this is to use White Cardinal Polish, which gives an intense whiteness to all stonework and makes danger spots clearly visible on the darkest night. The great advantage of using White Cardinal Polish is that it will not wash off in the rain, and its whiteness is consequently far more lasting.

MILLIONS of housewives have found that with Oxydol, the amazing new granulated soap, they can soak their wash whiter than ever. The Oxydol "no boil" washing method will save you money and wash your white clothes whiter. A simple method of using Oxydol is this. Simply fill the copper or tub with medium hot water. Sprinkle in enough Oxydol to swish up into good lathery suds. You only need a little. Let your clothes soak for 15 minutes. Then rinse the usual way. Hang on the line and you'll be amazed how dazzling white your wash will dry—whiter than ever before! And here's another tip — wash your dishes and glassware in hot Oxydol suds—they'll dry sparkling bright. Oxydol is on sale everywhere at 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.; the larger sizes are, of course, the most economical. See page 6.

It's now or never!

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Below are the Final Gift Vouchers, one worth 2/9 and the other worth 7/6—one or both will be accepted as cash in part payment for these Writing Sets. Don't risk disappointment—apply to-day.

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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st January, 1940.
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A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe No. 2. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD: a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has an inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

IMPORTANT
LET US SEND IT FOR YOU.
If you wish to make a present, why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your Card if you desire.

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Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 20/1/40

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
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Date _____ .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 20/1/1940

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Reader's Signature. Age.....
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Name and Address of Newsagent.
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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
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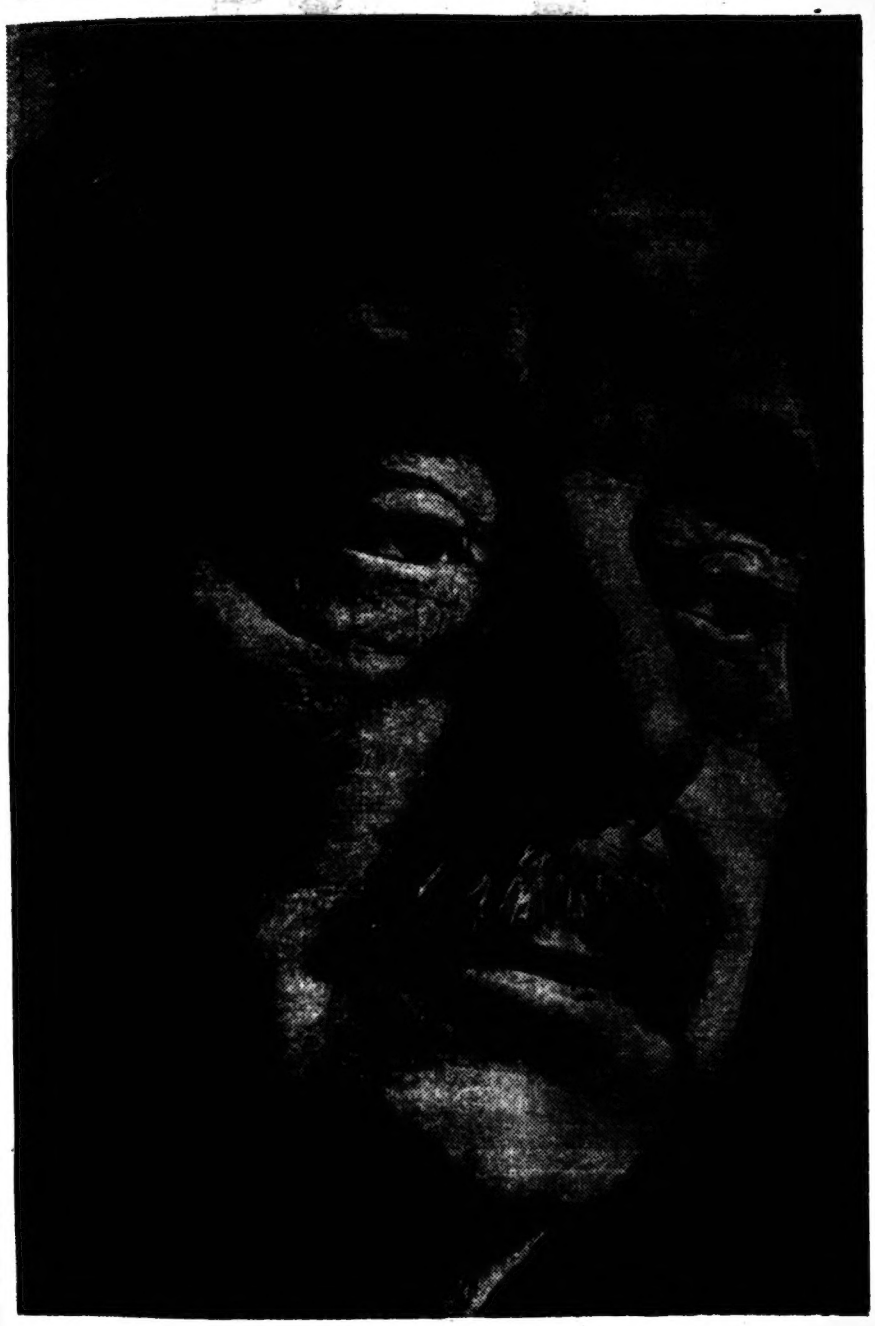

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KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. .

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brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

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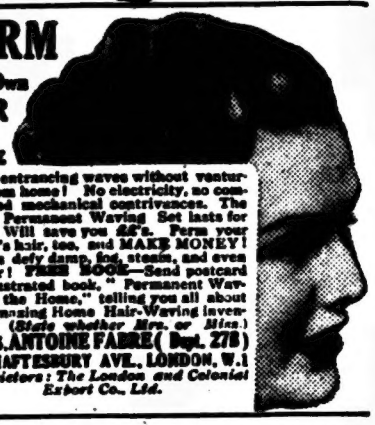
Your Own HAIR at HOME



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NOT AN A.R.P. TORCH but a BRITISH MADE heavily NICKEL PLATED torch having the CORRECT VOLTAGE AND BRILLIANCY with a well made patent switch. Saves you cash and LASTS! 3 cell FULL capacity 3 VOLT battery. 6½ ins. long, weighing over 3 ozs.

PRICE 2/9

Complete with specially made LARGE 3 VOLT 3 CELL BATTERY and 2.5 v. bulb. FREE PACKING! FREE POSTAGE! 3 cell refill batteries 9d. each, post free or 9/- per doz., post and packing free. Weight of torch complete 3½ ozs. Length 6 ins. Obtainable from all dealers or direct from the actual manufacturers

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HEATER for 10 x 8 Greenhouse
10/6
POST FREE. Send Cash with Order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Safe

STEADY AS A GAS FLAME!

Best British Steel, all welded, strongly made, painted. 1 gal. filling burns 60 hrs. at full heat, raised easy-fill cap, clear mica window, simple control, firm chimney. FUMELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6. 14 x 8 £1.

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NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., £3/5/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no renewals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.10), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

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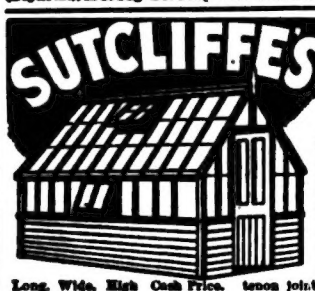

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Six complete easy-fitting sections and staging, moulded weather board base, framed ventilators, half-glass door, mortice and tenon joints. Glass supplied, also paint for one coat after erection. Carriage paid. Monthly Terms arranged (with reservations). Send Now for BIG, FREE CATALOGUE of GREENHOUSES, GARDEN SHEDS, POULTRY HOUSES, etc.

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FIRELIGHTER
WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match. Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish.

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F. J.B.), 622, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION
—With our
BUTTER MERGER

ONLY 5/- POST PAID

This All-British "BUTTER-MERGER" speedily makes about **1 lb. DELICIOUS BLENDED BUTTER FROM ¼ lb. OF BUTTER AND ¼ PINT OF MILK**, enabling you to DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION at about half the cost. Great economy and big money-saver. Simply turn handle and all trace of Milk is entirely absorbed WITHIN 2 MINUTES. Send NOW P.O. 5/0 to :—

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SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER-FINISHED FLYING WAISTCOATS

3/11 Post 6d. extra.

These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost many times our price. (20 to 30 shots).

Ideal for garden, motoring, farm, etc. BRAND NEW. GUARANTEED.

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COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET 1/6 Post 2d.

Refill batteries 3d. each or 2/9 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Beacon Button

Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 9d., post 2d. Refill batteries 4d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 4d.

From all dealers or direct from
Chiswick Engineering Ltd., 7, High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 (Dept. J.B.7). *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

"BOIL CLOTHES? NOT ME!"

says Mrs. Anne Hirtsel of Lancing, Sussex

"MY HOUSEKEEPING MONEY DOESN'T ALLOW FOR WASTING COAL ON WASHDAY BY BOILING CLOTHES. WITH OXYDOL I SOAK MY CLOTHES WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE AND SAVE 2/- IN EVERY 3/- ON COAL INTO THE BARGAIN!"
OXYDOL
OXYDOL

Mrs. Hirtsel adds:—"Here's the simple washing method I use to wash white clothes whiter than ever!"

1 Simply fill the copper or tub with medium hot water.

2 Sprinkle in enough Oxydol to swish up into good lathery suds. You only need a little.

3 Let your clothes soak for 15 minutes. Then rinse in the usual way. Hang on the line and you'll be amazed how dazzling white your wash will dry — whiter than ever before!

But that's not all—Mrs. Hirtsel actually has enough Oxydol left in the package to wash all these other things as well!

Week's washing-up. Wash steps. Wash out cupboard. Clean down bathroom tiling and floor. Wash front-room curtains. Wash kitchen table. Wash down sink twice.

Penny for penny you get twice as much washing in your package of Oxydol! Change to Oxydol today, and save!

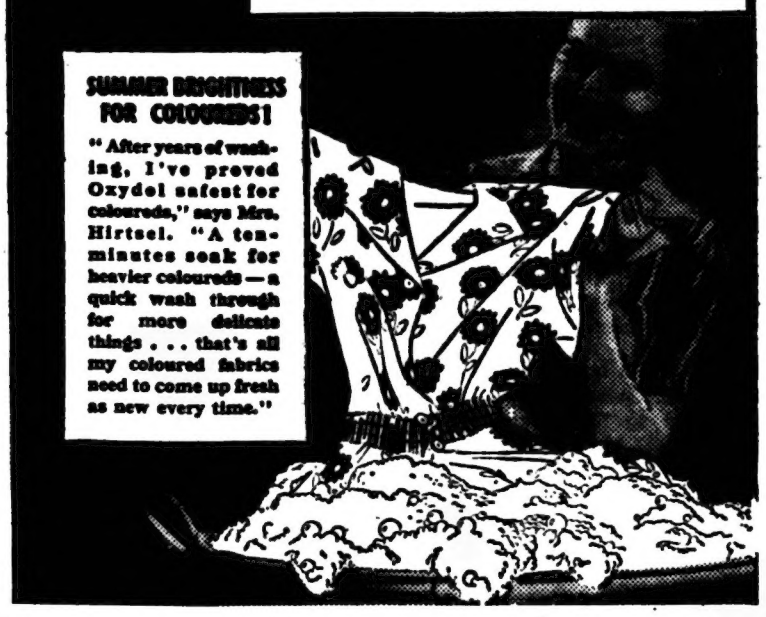
OXYDOL CUTS OUT BOILING! SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER! SAVES TWO-THIRDS GAS OR COAL!

Millions of housewives have given up expensive boiling methods on washday. These women have found that with Oxydol, the amazing new granulated soap, they can *soak* their wash whiter than ever — on only one-third of the gas or coal that boiling needed!

You, too, will find that the Oxydol "no boil" washing method will save you money and wash your white clothes whiter. And, how glad you'll be to have no more headaches from hot, steaming coppers. Another thing, it's a fact that by soaking clothes the simple Oxydol way, clothes last much longer.

What's more — women find that coloureds are safest in Oxydol suds — and stay bright as new wash after wash. And here's a great tip — wash your dishes and glassware in hot Oxydol suds — they'll dry sparkling bright. Join the great army of Oxydol users . . . change to Oxydol today!

"PUTS THE SPARKLE IN WASHING UP!"
says Mrs. Hirtsel.
"Oxydol for washing-up is a real find! Just a little Oxydol dissolves instantly, making enough suds to wash the biggest pile of crockery. Oxydol leaves glass and china sparkling and smear-less!"


SUMMER BRIGHTNESS FOR COLOUREDS!
"After years of washing, I've proved Oxydol safest for coloureds," says Mrs. Hirtsel. "A ten-minutes soak for heavier coloureds — a quick wash through for more delicate things . . . that's all my coloured fabrics need to come up fresh as new every time."

OXYDOL®

SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER — NO BOILING

OXYDOL IS ON SALE AT YOUR SHOP TODAY, 1/-, 6d. & 3½d.
BUY THE LARGER SIZES — THEY ARE MOST ECONOMICAL.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 20, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

BEVIN WINS AGAIN!

LOCAL patrol activity only on the Home Front. A chance encounter between Government and Labour outposts, which might have started a conflagration, ends without loss.

Wages will not be kept down if living costs continue to rise.

That is the outcome of the T.U.C.'s strong stand against Treasury sniping.

The Famous Jaw

Last week seemed critical. "Wages can't be pegged to the cost of living," said the Prime Minister.

"Government's policy is to talk about sacrifices by people who had nothing to sacrifice when the war started," countered Mr. Ernest Bevin, setting his famous jaw even more firmly to predict "labour troubles of a serious character."

Alarmed at prospect of losing T.U.C. support in the general conduct of the war, the Cabinet hastened to prove its good faith.

Compulsory Saving ?

Plan is to avoid general wage rises.

Unions have already secured rises for 5,500,000 workers, and another million workers have staked a claim. But further small increases in some industries will not be banned.

Prices will be controlled more rigorously to please Labour—even if rationing has to be extended.

If the appeal for voluntary savings fails, Mr. Keynes' plan for compulsory savings may be adopted.

Nothing for Them

Also under consideration are family allowances for the hard-hit poorer wage-earners.

Long advocated by JOHN BULL, this reform would be modelled on the lines of the French Family Code, cost of which is met by a special tax.

We still give subsidies to shipowners, steelmasters, coalowners and every sort of vested interest.

There is nothing for ordinary persons on whom the future of Britain depends.

Remaining United

Anyhow, that's the scheme.

Not yet approved, it will probably be modified in details. But as both sides are eager to be "reasonable," conflict will be averted and the nation remain united.

Economic Overhaul

FURTHER big decisions will be made known during the coming weeks. JOHN BULL said in December that the New Year would bring an entire overhaul of Britain's economic front.

First step is taking over shipping and shipbuilding industries by the State.

Next will be the absorption into industry of "the hard core of unemployment," estimated at 240,000 men, who have been idle for more than a year.

Unions are Waiting

The engineering trades will be expanded at the same time. Mr. Chamberlain is wrong in saying that the problems are already being hammered out by unions and employers.

Unions have yet to be asked to admit hundreds of thousands of men from other trades. Dilution and training questions will certainly need careful handling.

Farmers have seen to it that the "ploughing-up scheme" to grow more food is an unqualified success

"Dormant-Smith"

THERE'S better news of agriculture. The Minister, Sir R. Dorman-Smith—unkindly dubbed Dormant-Smith—says the worst shortage of cattle feeding-stuffs is over.

Some persons didn't believe JOHN BULL when we reported that farmers were killing off good stock to prevent them from starving.

Eyebrows will probably be raised when we add that one Essex farmer, who used to buy five tons of meal at a time, has lately been able to get only two hundredweight to save his herd.

The Good Farmer

Poor distribution is partly to blame. Grain ships dock at West and South Coast ports. The Eastern Counties go short.

When Ministers were laying in great food stocks to prepare for war they shouldn't have forgotten the food to feed our food.

Now supplies are coming in. Farmers are told not to expect more than two-thirds of peace time quantities, urged to grow more feeding-stuffs themselves.

Nazi Minister of Agriculture has this notice framed above his desk: *"To me, the only good farmer is the man who grows all the feeding-stuffs he needs."*

Dearer Transport

Some feeding-stuffs are controlled, but transport costs are 50 per cent. higher than before the war.

Such grains as home-grown oats and barley are uncontrolled What you could buy for £1 before the war now costs £4.

Government price control should be extended.

Arable Plan Success

The "ploughing-up scheme" to grow more food is an unqualified success

When the subsidy was announced last May only 250,000 acres were scheduled. Now a million acres have been turned from pasture into arable land.

Parts of Bushey Park have been sown with corn for the first time since Napoleon's threat to our food supplies.

Land belonging to the Duke of Hamilton has been ploughed for the first time in history.

Sir John's Warning

TURN to another side of the Home Front. Sir John Anderson warns us that a great air offensive may soon come. A.R.P. must not be relaxed.

More part-time volunteers are needed everywhere. Are you doing your bit?

Missing Gas Masks

Sir John must do his bit.

Here's a letter from a man who joined up. as a boy of 14, in 1914. He was discharged as permanently unfit; but enlisted again and was wounded and pensioned for four years. (We helped to get his pension.)

He is now in khaki again.

His wife doesn't yet get an allowance, but he doesn't

(Continued overleaf)

BE PREPARED!

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

A £200 POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER

SEE PAGE 4

Sir John Must Now Rescue the A.R.P.

"Rescue" Squads

complain. What makes him mad is that there are no gas masks for his children, even though they live in an eastern county.

And it makes us mad, too.

Rescuing Rescuers

Sir John must also reorganise the rescue squads!

Skilled builders tell us that demolition and rescue squads in some boroughs are formed by bookmakers' runners, clerks, firewood merchants, and inexperienced men who can't even climb ladders.

If the raids come, we might need rescue squads to rescue the rescue squads.

A Little Awkward

Sympathise with A.R.P. men who work 12-hour shifts without sanitary arrangements.

Told to seek facilities in near-by houses, it might be awkward to be seen leaving Mrs. So-and-So's house at three in the morning!

She Won't Win

NOW that a new War Minister is in office, Lady Astor will make a new effort to get Army allowances withdrawn from "unmarried wives."

Several bishops are helping her campaign.

But she won't succeed.

Allowances weren't among those things on which the generals disagreed with Hore-Belisha.

Praise, Indeed

Here's praise for an institution we have so often bitterly criticised.

A reader writes to "thank his fellow-people," and, after explaining that he is very ill, he goes on:

"Yet I am not left to starve. Through the medium of the 'P.A.C.' I am given sufficient money for food and coal, and am given medical attention.

"Does any other country provide so generously for those in trouble?"

State's Last Word

STILL more Civil Servants are to be evacuated. Still more protests will reach the Government. But the scheme will go on. The Government has said its last word.

JOHN BULL **doesn't believe the circular sent to us and leading M.P.s by a group of discontented officials. It complains that "go slow" methods are already being adopted.**

This is a mean form of protest that will be discountenanced by Civil Service spokesmen.

Duke's Gesture

The Duke of Westminster's mansion, Eaton Hall, on the outskirts of Chester, has been handed over to the War Office as a convalescent home for men of all ranks.

Its acres of beautiful parkland will provide a golf course, tennis courts, cricket and football grounds.

Even transport is provided by the Duke.

Not for the Public

Contrast that with the miserable half-and-half concession proposed by Cardiff Watch Committee that one or two cinemas will be allowed to open on Sunday. But not for the general public.

Service men in uniform will be allowed one civilian companion each.

It is necessary to maintain public morale by permitting reasonable amusements.

Too Old-fashioned

Surely the Home Secretary has urged that younger magistrates should try child offenders.

Yet seventy-two-year-old Alderman Braybrooks, sitting at Biggleswade, told the parents of two bad boys, one of whom was said to be mentally deficient and sickly, to "thrash them with razor strop or belt; give them only bread and water for twelve or fourteen hours."

That old alderman is far too old-fashioned.

Death on the Road

Road deaths are still mounting, total 6,000 since war's outbreak; far more than the number of men killed on active service.

Easy to blame the black-out. But take the advice of the National Safety First Association and wear something white or luminous when you go into the streets at night.

Even that isn't enough to give drivers a reasonable chance of avoiding accidents. Too many idiots still leap from the kerb without looking, or jump from behind stationary vehicles.

A Nazi Move

NAZIS have launched their Biggest-Ever War of Nerves. Their agents in neutral countries have marching orders in their pockets.

"Intimidation from within" is the slogan. Whether Holland and Belgium are eventually invaded or not, trouble is to be stirred up to embarrass Governments of these countries.

Remember the methods of the Austrian Nazis in 1938 and the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia.

Hard-Hit Neutrals

LOCAL Nazis are preparing to foment frontier incidents in Yugoslavia.

So the way is prepared for any step that Hitler may decide to take.

Fresh difficulties are forced on hard-hit neutral States, whose position is reviewed by A. G. Gardiner on page 9.

Keeping 'Em Anxious

New device by German Freedom Party is to send special announcements daily to Nazi bosses bearing secret official code letters.

War council is alarmed by the way its hush-hush decisions are commented on in these circulars.

He's Given it Up!

Reports are coming through neutral embassies that Hitler has finally abandoned the idea of attacking the Maginot Line.

A section of the old Czech defences, built on Maginot pattern, has withstood a trial offensive by land and air, and convinced Nazi General Staff that to attack the Maginot Line would cost two million lives.

Raeder by Deed!

Latest ally of Goebbels is Admiral Raeder, who has sent selected officers to New York to spread yarns about new "secret weapons," designed to make the world's flesh creep.

Included are "atomic bombs" to wipe out everything in a radius of miles.

Remember the failure of the magnetic mine campaign!

Well, We'll See!

RUSSIA now wants ten Nazi divisions to lead new offensive against Finland, so it's reported.

Stalin offers, in exchange, a military alliance and a monopoly of supplies from Scandinavia when Finland has been subdued.

100 Per Cent. War

To follow the big Italian loan now being negotiated in London, a new trade treaty between London and Rome is suggested.

Economically, at any rate, Britain is waging a 100 per cent. war.

Candid Cartoon by KEM

—"THESE PEOPLE ARE OUT TO PROVOKE US..."

MIRACLE WORDS

JOHN BULL announces to-day its great New Year Presentation, "THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE," an enthralling volume containing 160,000 words and more than 500 of the most astonishing pictures.

In simple non-technical language, it reveals the incredible marvels of "science." It discloses the mystery of the earth, the wonders of the heavens, and the miracle of life itself.

Turn to page 2 for details.

A. G. Gardiner

says that Hitler is already waging systematic war against the little countries

Soldiers of peaceful Holland man their frontiers — against whom?

NEUTRALS on the BRINK

HITLER has three wars on hand. In addition to the war with Britain and France there are two subsidiary wars, that against neutrals and that which his creature Himmler is waging on the Home Front with his Black Guards and secret police.

With regard to the war on the Home Front the world is helpless Until Hitler is overthrown nothing can be done to combat the reign of terror by massacre and persecution which prevails within Germany, and especially in the desolated provinces of Poland and Czechoslovakia.

It is otherwise with the war on neutrals. This also is a terroristic war, but it is a terror that can be resisted and overcome.

THE ISSUE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE NEUTRALS THEMSELVES. THEY MUST DECIDE WHETHER THEY ARE GOING TO HANG TOGETHER OR WHETHER THEY PREFER BEING HANGED SEPARATELY.

Hitler's purpose in regard to them is clear enough. He has indicated it in set terms in "Mein Kampf," and told us the technique by which he proposes to accomplish it.

He aims at making Germany the dictator of Europe and ultimately of the world by his process of "limited objectives."

The secret of this process is to keep all his intended victims disunited, and so to avoid the danger of a general war.

While he picks a quarrel with his immediate prey he is profuse in his assurances to the rest of his passion for peace and his amiable intentions towards them.

They accept his assurances—and down goes Austria.

The formula is repeated and down goes Czechoslovakia.

A third time—and down goes Memel.

A fourth time—and down goes Poland.

But at this stage his technique is upset. The "limited objective" trick ceases to work, and a war with the major Powers ensues.

Then his procedure with the smaller Powers changes.

He no longer cozens them until their turn comes for slaughter.

He seeks to bully and browbeat them into becoming the instrument of his war machine.

He threatens their frontiers, sinks their ships, forbids them to trade with his enemies, keeps them in ceaseless fear that he will strike, now in this direction, now in that.

THE more careful they are to preserve the rules of neutrality, the more he foams at their alleged belligerence.

In his panic at having landed Germany in a great war, which he was confident his "limited objective" technique would avoid, he flung himself into the arms of Stalin, and with him set out to partition all the neutrals from the White Sea to the Black Sea.

The scheme has, thanks to the magnificent example set by Finland, suffered a check which may have profound effects upon the course of the war.

That remains to be seen.

But Hitler's policy of terrorising the neutrals, mopping them up in detail and preventing them taking any collective action in defence of their interests, is unchanged.

It is the keynote of his strategy in the war of ideas, and it cannot be denied that so far his success in pursuing it has been great.

The fact is not due to any lack of common interest among the neutrals.

Apart from Stalin, Hitler has not a friend or ally in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. It is true that Mussolini has not officially broken with him, but the whole tide of Italian policy is running counter to that of Germany, and it is unthinkable that Italy should ever march with her ancient enemy.

For the rest, however neutral it may be, there is not a nation in the Old World or the New which does not hate and fear Hitlerism and which will not rejoice at its overthrow.

And the nearer a nation is to the shadow of the Swastika the more intense is that hate and that fear.

Against whom has the whole man-power of Switzerland been mobilised for the defence of that brave and freedom-loving country?

Not France, not Britain, not Italy. It is mobilised to the last man in fear of Hitler's Germany.

So with Holland. So with Belgium. So with Sweden—for behind the menace of Stalin it is Hitler that the whole of Scandinavia fears.

THE WORLD IS STREWN WITH NEUTRALS AND EVERY ONE OF THEM IS PRAYING FOR THE DEFEAT OF HITLER.

Take the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic, which, thrown into the scale on one side or the other, would decide the issue out of hand.

IT has declared for neutrality, and we have no right of criticism.

But there is not a speech or article from any responsible statesman or journalist, from the President or the *New York Times* downwards, which does not breathe sympathy with the cause of the Allies as the cause of civilisation.

By far the most brilliant commentaries on the war come from American writers like Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, and there are no such passionate indictments of Hitler's Germany anywhere else.

Decent Americans make no concealment of the fact that we are fighting their battle.

They know that should we fail, the shadow of the Swastika will fall upon them.

That is why the United States is spending thousands of millions in piling up armaments.

That is why it is hunting down the swarms of Nazi spies that infest it as they infest every country marked down for Nazi conquest.

I come to the question that the neutrals will have to face sooner or later.

Hitler is making war on them. In some cases he is making war on them deliberately.

That is so in regard to countries like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

He is sinking their ships, no matter what port they are going to or what cargo they carry.

He is sinking them not only in the hope of starving us out, but in order to compel those countries to accept the Swastika and become his instruments in the war.

But he is not only making war on specific neutrals. He is making indiscriminate war on all neutrals.

He is carrying out a policy of murder on the high seas that spares no one, friend or foe.

Driven from the seas himself, he aims at making the seas untenable to all.

He does this by methods that outrage every law of God or man, by wholesale murder of the innocent and the helpless, as cruel, as fiendishly cowardly as anything ever recorded in the evil history of war.

Are the neutrals going to tolerate these infamies without challenge?

We can understand their eagerness to avoid being sucked into the vortex of the war.

BUT they have a duty to mankind as well as themselves, the performance of which, if they act together with firmness and courage, will not add to that danger. Indeed, it will lessen it.

That duty is to assert before the world the sanctity of those laws which all nations—Germany with the rest—have enacted and signed for the mitigation of the horrors of war and to name the offenders against such laws before the bar of history.

President Roosevelt has spoken frequently about the need for a dispassionate neutral judgment to help to restore civilisation when the war is over.

MAY I SUGGEST THAT THE TIME FOR THE NEUTRALS TO SPEAK OUT, "LOUD AND BOLD," FOR OUR COMMON CIVILISATION, IS NOW?

And I am encouraged by a powerful appeal by Dorothy Thompson in the American press for a united front of the neutrals in the defence of the laws of civilised warfare to hope that President Roosevelt will give the lead which can alone come from him.

Such action might avert the terror that is imminent, that of the bombing of open towns.

Civilisation cannot be saved in some problematical future. It must be saved now. And the neutrals must help to save it.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

- **More Laurels for Air Heroes**
- **Nazi Chief is Wrong Again**
- **Sir Andrew Duncan's First Job**

OPEN LETTERS

Air Chief Marshal Sir C. NEWALL

DEAR SIR CYRIL,—The world has not heard enough about the R.A.F. achievements since war began. Goebbels would give his big ears to be able to boast of a tenth as much as your men have done.

Let me pay tribute to the cool courage and endurance of your night fliers.

In heavy bombers, they cross 350 miles of sea in Arctic cold, zoom through the fire of Nazi guns, travel far inland to view military objectives, and perhaps are befogged on their return.

Let me praise the Security Patrols hovering over some of the most strongly fortified bases in the world to prevent Nazi minelaying aircraft from setting out.

Let me express my admiration for those lone pilots, mostly men who were in "civvies" a few months ago, who have shown gallantry and skill in destroying East Coast raiders.

You command the world's best airmen.

Britain must hear more of them, much, much more.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. LEY,
Nazi Labour Front

SIR,—No wonder your name is pronounced "lie."

Your tall yarns show less political knowledge than a Zulu's gossip.

England has had to proclaim a state of siege in Ireland, you shout, evidently unaware that Eire is self-governing.

Lebano-Syrians, a small non-British community in Sierra Leone, have collected £758 to help our Red Cross as a token of appreciation for British rule.

How much has been voluntarily given by the Poles and Czechs to help fight "British aggression"?—JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS,
Devonport

DEAR PEOPLE,—It's in your own interests to keep the Silent Service really silent.

Despite warning posters everywhere, passers-by in your streets often overhear such remarks as, "My boy sails in the *Anon* to-night," or "My man goes up to Rosyth next Thursday on the *Blank*."

Chatterers must realise that they may be imperilling the ships they name so glibly.—JOHN BULL.

MR. R. FREEMAN, J. R. Freeman and Son, Ltd.: Fine idea to commemorate your tobacco firm's centenary by giving 100,000 Manikin cigars to naval men on small ships that have no canteen. For the Senior Service, thank you!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—While you are trying to increase food supplies, your Whitehall colleagues are stabbing you in the back.

Twelve Lancashire farmers and their employees must find new homes by Sunday, because the Government intends building a factory on their 700 acres of rich land.

One farm alone sells £5,000 worth of eggs and poultry a year, besides beef and 700 tons of potatoes.

Yet near by are empty parklands and a golf course.

Isn't it enough to enrage an archangel?—JOHN BULL.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—One of the little tasks awaiting you in your first Government job is to see that auxiliary coastguards get their pay.

It isn't easy for some of them to keep a family on 45s. 8d. a week. It is even harder when weeks go by without payment and they are forced into debt.

One company of these life-savers, owed three weeks' wages, received Post Office drafts for a single week and made payable at a village twenty-five miles away!

It should be easy for such a great business leader as you to iron out these petty blunders. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD COPPOCK,
Building Operatives' Leader

DEAR MR. COPPOCK,—You must be staggered by the heavy unemployment among building operatives.

One skilled man tells me that he has had only four weeks' work since war began, and you must know worse cases among the 150,000 on the register.

Even though private building has slumped, there should be enough war work for all your members.

Give the Government no rest until this waste of national effort is ended.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—Alas, I praised you too soon!

I thought you had kicked out the two-job A.R.P. wanglers, but readers complain that you have overlooked several dark corners.

Among the full-time paid wardens of a Buckinghamshire town are a draper, sales manager of a garage, tobacconist and hairdresser, bicycle and battery store proprietor, and other tradespeople.

Unfair to those who have given up well-paid jobs for National Service, unfair to the unemployed, unfair to ratepayers!—JOHN BULL.

Earl DE LA WARR,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Many parents of secondary school children are refusing to pay fees for the coming session.

Some of the children have to do most of their lessons at home, with no instruction. Others attend school for a few half-days a week because children from evacuated areas occupy the premises during the rest of the time.

"Matric." examination is no longer available, and the older scholars may be well below standard when they leave school.

Wake up local authorities, please!—JOHN BULL.

Police-Sgt. GEORGE H. SLATER,
Leeds

SLATER,—You were more fool than knave when you stole a shaving-brush within two months of retirement after twenty-six years' service.

A costly theft. You have been dismissed the Force, sent to jail for two months, and your daughter cannot now begin a three-year college training.

But not too costly to warn others not to shatter a lifetime's reputation by a single moment of petty rascality.—JOHN BULL.

MARY MELROSE,
Monument Road, Woking

MADAM,—You should have been treated as severely as the police-sergeant I have pilloried.

Falsely describing yourself as a State registered nurse, you obtained a post as matron of a nursing home and stole jewellery from a dying patient.

You were lucky merely to be bound over on payment of costs.

If ever you offend in this way again, may I be on the Bench!—JOHN BULL.

N.A.A.F.I.: Have received complaint that when your Liverpool employees joined trade union and secured better wages, twenty-two were given week's notice. Hope to receive your denial, —JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN W. HURDISS,
Caistor

DEAR SIR,—The chuckleheads who "charged you with being patriotic" should themselves have been in the dock.

I am relieved that the case was dismissed on payment of 2s. costs when the Bench heard how you carried a load of sand in a "vehicle not bearing an official stamp of verification" to avoid holding up fifty men on a war contract.

Yet I am disturbed that such technicalities may impede work of national importance.—JOHN BULL.

Life Gives All Of Us a Chance

LIFE gives all of us a chance to live in a hero's way, to smile above each circumstance, to laugh when skies are grey.

To hope when things look hopeless, to turn hardship to success, to meet calamity with calm, and a streak of cheerfulness.

•

LIFE gives all of us a chance, to do the thing that is fine, to write our names upon Time's Page, with a golden underline.

To conquer Fear with Courage, until the way ahead holds only opportunities and nothing of halting dread.

•

LIFE gives us all a chance to touch eternal things, with our soul which reconnoitres with its white and outspread wings; above the day's strange pitfalls, above the night's despair, locating treachery and sin which are lurking everywhere.

•

AND now Life gives us War, and with it the chance superb, to stir to sacrifice our hearts, and for evermore disturb the trivial satisfactions with which our paths are strewn. Thus out of War's Dark Experience, will a better world be hewn.

J. M.

Vigil!

Warriors of the Hidden War, soldiers on the Western Front, are heard but not seen by the touring "John Bull" Correspondent, who found the B.E.F.—

SOMEWHERE in France there are five and a half million men waiting to wage war on Germany. Yet I traversed the Western Front from the Luxembourg frontier to Switzerland without seeing more than a hundred men in uniform in one place in the daytime.

They have all gone to earth.

They are working in hundreds of Maginot forts, 100 ft. below the surface, in concrete block-houses, in trenches, in underground outposts, in cellars under evacuated villages close to the line, and in villages farther back, where the inhabitants continue to go about their business.

The countryside is bristling with guns. Yet you never see one unless you stumble into a battery hidden in the woods, built into somebody's one-time drawing-room, sitting in a barn, or under a haystack.

IN one village the notice on the brass plate of the gate said, "Dentist."

I pushed open the gate, entering a pleasant garden with avenues of rambler roses, and an old vine climbing on a trellis.

Instead of a dentist, a battery commander came out of the parlour, and pointed out a battery of deadly 75-cm. guns in odd corners of the garden. I should never have spotted them if they had not been found for me.

These guns were commanding a sector of the German frontier, and beside them were stacks of shells in wooden boxes.

The gun pits held the most amazing secrets.

In the corner of each pit I found a staircase.

At the bottom of these staircases, 20 ft. below the gun pit, there was an underground chamber with bunks to accommodate the whole battery of thirty men and their officers.

Radiating from this chamber are saps dug underneath the road to the cellars of the houses where the officers and men have their living quarters.

Others, containing light railways, lead to isolated ammunition dumps all over the village.

This major engineering feat was not the work of picked experts.

Thirty gunner reservists, who were sitting in city offices or serving behind shop counters until a few weeks ago, had built the entire labyrinth under the supervision of the battery commander, a fine type of French regular officer with a broad Marseilles brogue.

Yet the notice on the garden gate says "Dentist."

You would pass it by without a glance unless you happened to have toothache.

The Hidden War has its comedies.

Within the British zone, no town or village may be called by its right name.

They are known by code names.

I shall never forget the first time I spoke on a field telephone, and found my wire crossed with one on which an irate Colonel was saying, "Operator, I've been wanting Gladys all the afternoon."

The operator replied imperturbably, "I'm sorry, sir, Gladys is still engaged, and there are seven more on the waiting list before you."

Gladys was not the code name used. I should be hanged, drawn and quartered if I mentioned it. It was the name of another young woman.

Out beyond the outposts where an eerie guerrilla warfare is carried on, you may find cavalry units tucked away in the woods.

They will creep out at night, dismount, tether their horses, and slip out to their raids, armed only with hand grenades and short bayonets.

Half an hour later comes the thunder of galloping hoofs, and they are back again, merging once more into the woods, followed by a fusillade of shots, a couple of luckless prisoners thrown across the saddle bows.

All may be "Quiet on the Western Front," but there is always a war going on at those outposts.

It is an odd mixture of easy-going live and let live and merciless aggression.

By day French and Germans may be strolling about within sight of each other.

They are fighting hand to hand with grenades and bayonets at night.

DEEP down in the Maginot forts, 100 ft. below the surface, there lurks a mechanised army that is one of the wonders of the world.

Down in that line live the highly trained fortress troops, dressed as mechanics in dungarees and pullovers.

Some of these forts contain three or four miles of electric railway, and are manned by several hundred men.

All that you can see from the front are a few mushroom-like gun turrets, less than three feet across, and painted green to merge with the surrounding grass.

The entrance at the back is rather like some down-at-the-heel Tube station.

When the alarm sounds, the great steel doors slide to, a part of the concrete roadway rolls away, leaving a moat that will swallow any tank.

The hidden army has cut itself off from the outer world—maybe for months.

In a lonely outpost, a "John Bull" representative meets the civilian heroes, entrusted with the task of maintaining Britain's first line of defence—

BEHIND us a clump of leafless trees etched a ragged crest against the night sky. Below the ground sloped away in the formless darkness of fields and roads, descending eventually to the shores of the grey North Sea. Beyond and around us there was nothing. Except for the reassuring whisper of the slight wind in the trees, we might have fancied ourselves adrift from the world on a carpet of grass.

Above there was plenty to see.

The panoply of heaven was revealed in all the glory of a clear winter's night.

These men of the R.A.F. Observer Corps now know the night sky with the familiarity of astronomers and navigators. From their posts in the remote places of Britain among sand-dunes, on cliff-tops, on hills and downs commanding the sea, they watch the full show of heaven night after night, always waiting. . . .

Their job is most romantic.

LITTLE known, it is most arduous when you consider the long duty spells of concentrated vigilance maintained in every kind of weather. And it is a vital part of the country's bulwark of defence.

All the complicated chain of interceptor aircraft, guns and searchlights and A.R.P. organisation depends on the efficiency with which the Observer Corps does its job.

It is Britain's first line of defence.

The post I visited consisted of a small hut containing a bunk, table, and a paraffin stove.

Outside in a tiny sandbagged enclosure were the two men forming the crew of the post during the duty-spell of three hours.

One lay in a special kind of chair, a sort of deck-chair that he could swivel round as his eyes explored the arc of the night sky.

His companion crouched beside him, a telephone receiver cupped against his ear.

They wore no uniforms, only an armlet and a badge.

Although technically a part of the R.A.F. since the war, members of the Observer Corps are still civilians

THEIR badge is proud and appropriate, one of the real touches of genius in this war.

It is an Elizabethan with a flaming Armada beacon, one of those other citizens of Britain who 350 years ago stood watching for an invader.

The man at the telephone was an actor before war called him in to full-time service with the Observer Corps.

The "spotter," timekeeper at a local factory, is on part-time duty. When his spell ends at 6 a.m. he will bicycle eight miles home, have a cup of tea and be at the factory two miles farther on by 7.30.

They take it in turns at the instrument or at spotting, relieving each other every half-hour.

Other members of the crew at this post include a retired colonel and a gamekeeper, a parson and a cattle-dealer, an ex-ship's captain and a farm labourer. They relieve each other at the end of duty-spells throughout the day and night.

The hours wore on. During the last half-hour of our vigil, the telephone bell tinkled. At once the instrument man began repeating some bearings and figures to the spotter. He stood up and started working on a tripod affair with a thin telescope mounted upon it.

By the pencil beam of a torch-light he adjusted this gadget towards some point in the sky.

While he waited, peering through the eyepiece and making adjustments, he told me rapidly: "Control says a coastal post reports unidentified aircraft coming in. One of ours, I expect, homing from a night patrol. But he has not answered the challenge signal yet."

Even as he finished speaking, a searchlight leapt up, stabbing the distant sky, and then fading again.

In that moment I heard the spotter say, "Got him."

He then dictated a string of figures to the man at the telephone, who in turn repeated them back to Control.

That solitary aircraft *was* "one of ours," crossing the coast at a point off his course.

HE had been picked up by the advanced post while he was still far out at sea. But all aircraft, everything in fact that moves in the sky by day or night, must be picked up by the Observer Corps and the type, course, position, height and speed reported to Control.

Thus Fighter Command, charged with the air defence of this country, knows at any given moment the position of *all* aircraft in flight above this country.

The number of men in the Observer Corps is secret, but it runs into five figures.

After the R.A.F. took them over, they were put on pay. A full-time worker earns £3 for a week of 48 hours.

A part-time worker receives 1s. 3d. an hour of each duty-spell, with a maximum of £3 a week.

Some of them grumble. They say it is wrong to pay them for doing what they gladly did before for nothing. Others are glad of the little extra money.

Let us think of them on these winter days and nights, holding their little posts in remote and desolate places. Middle-aged citizens, but as much in the front line as any man in France.

WILLIAM J. GAGE, John Bull's chief Crime Investigator, describes the

New G.H.Q. of SLEUTHS

IF the ghost of Charles Peace glides into Scotland Yard's Black Museum in a few weeks it won't know the old place.

The collapsible ladder, insignia of a string of daring burglaries, and the concertina in which it was carried by the Terror of the Eighties will be there for the shade to fondle, but they will be in a new, splendid setting with Crippen's hat and gloves and the relics of hundreds of other famous crimes.

Nearly the whole of one floor will be devoted to the motley collection in the magnificent building to which most departments of Scotland Yard will soon be moving.

It is next door to the existing premises, facing the Thames Embankment. Eventually the buildings will be linked by overhead bridges.

Towering to nine storeys, the new G.H.Q of Britain's crime detection has been designed by Sir James Grey West, Chief Architect to the Office of Works.

It was to cost £300,000, but probably another £100,000 will be added by the time it is completely equipped.

Every penny will have been well spent, because this will be the first time since Scotland Yard started in a private house in Whitehall Place a century ago that it will have room to function properly.

Until now a staff of about 2,000 has had to make shift in dingy cramped rooms, with odd departments overflowing into strange corners.

There wasn't even an internal telephone system.

Every office will now be linked, and the whole organisation will dovetail in perfect sequence from floor to ceiling.

It will spring to action with the swiftness of a super fire station.

Greatest marvel is the radio room, from which messages can be sent not only to patrolling police cars, but also to every police force in the country.

Flying Squad detectives, picked for their daring, will at last be all together in one big room with special offices for their chiefs.

Their Map Room is like the bridge of a liner.

All the shoals of London's underworld are charted.

Every nook and cranny in the labyrinth of streets and alleys making the Metropolis and its straggling boundaries is clearly defined.

These maps of Greater London, hung on the walls and spread over specially fitted tables, are probably the most wonderful of their kind in the world.

A speedy reference enables members of the Flying Squad to be rushed unerringly to any particular spot.

Experienced experts spent months planning the Criminal Record Office. It will be a librarian's heaven.

There are more than half a million dossiers.

Some contain only humdrum details of commonplace thieves. Others tell the life stories of spectacular and ingenious crooks.

Then there are the finger prints.

Despite constant pruning of these infallible tell-tale impressions when wrongdoers die, there are never fewer than 1,000,000 prints on record.

Senior officers, assisted by a score of clerks, are now busy in basements where large quantities of files have been stored because of lack of room. They are destroying all they possibly can before moving into the new library.

It is a drastic clean-up.

Hour after hour flames are consuming all trace of the skeleton-in-the-cupboard haunting many a man who once slipped into crime but has remained straight since paying the penalty.

Even so, the existing records will occupy nearly one floor and any one of the huge number can be found in a few minutes.

Seventy men will be in charge of this looking-glass of the criminal world.

The Black Museum has no actual value in crime detection, but as a most treasured possession of the Yard it is tremendously interesting.

Near to Crippen's hat and gloves will be frayed pieces of the dresses worn by his wife, Belle Elmore, when she was on the stage.

They played a part in convicting him of her murder.

In the same showcase will be the man's clothes in which Ethel le Neve disguised herself when she fled with Crippen to Canada.

Cheques, postal orders, faked documents of all kinds, even share certificates figuring in notable forgery prosecutions, will fill a big section.

False arms and legs used in disguises; the cocked hat, sword, and diplomat's uniform worn by Roger Casement, shot as a spy in the last war; the baths employed by Smith, of the notorious "Brides in the Bath" murders; the mallet with which Rouse killed an unknown man whose remains were found in a burnt-out car; specimens of every variety of dope, knives, saws, revolvers and daggers will be re-labelled and take their place in the new museum.

The Black Museum has always fascinated young detectives. Now they will find the new library equally interesting, because it will be stocked with every book on criminology.

A television set will be included in the remodelled photographic department, where pictures can be developed and prints produced at amazing speed.

Not long ago Scotland Yard did not possess a microscope.

Now it is to have a wonderfully equipped laboratory, a miracle of science that does not leave as much as a hair's-breadth between a murderer and proof of his guilt, no matter how slender the clue.

There are comfortable interviewing rooms and a small cinema.

'As closely guarded as any Cabinet chamber will be the room in which the Chiefs will meet to discuss the investigation of any major crime.

Another large room will be used mainly for conferences, likely to be more frequent in future, between Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner, and Chief Constables from all parts of the country.

Sir James Grey West designed the new home of the world's finest sleuthing machine

Here are the Answers

Mystery of Nazis' Baltic Plot

WHY should the Nazi High Command contemplate an attack on Scandinavia, and commit the strategical error of "ballooning" a new frontier a thousand miles long?

HALF Germany's iron and nickel come from Sweden, and Russia invaded Finland to be in a position to blackmail Germany about these supplies.

Soviet troops have penetrated to the nickel district in North Finland, and Russian ships, using the Aaland Islands as a base, can cut off supplies of iron ore travelling down the Baltic from the Swedish port of Lulea.

The Finnish nickel deposits have been mined with the assistance of British capital and labour.

The Mond Nickel Company sank nearly £1,000,000 in hydro-electric machinery and in building the most northern township within the minefields.

WHAT makes Rumania so reluctant to accept the guarantees recently offered by Hungary and Italy?

RUMANIA holds Hungary's former wealthy province of Transylvania, given her after the Peace Treaty. Hungary is asking for two-thirds of it back as price of the guarantee. There is the implied threat that Hungary will march in and take it if Russia invades Rumania.

Italy's offer is also a "pistol point" guarantee.

Mussolini wants to keep Russia out of Europe. He wants Rumanian oil and trade, demands a lion's share for his guarantee.

Italy's threat is that if Russia tries to take its former province of Bessarabia, the Duce's armies will invade Rumania because Italian interests would be directly menaced by such action.

In a cleft stick, Rumania would gloomily have to accept protection against a powerful adversary.

WHY should bankruptcy petitions increase in the agricultural industries when all farm produce can command exceptionally high prices and there is unprecedented demand?

AGRICULTURAL failures are poultry, pig and dairy farmers. They have suffered through Government's refusal to lay in stores of feed.

Dealers can now sell only limited quantities, chiefly for cash.

The farmer with poor credit has to slaughter his animals.

Even when he has the cash he does not get enough "feed."

The market is now glutted with half-fattened hens and pigs, commanding poor prices.

These losses, following the reversal of the last few years, are sufficient to drive many small farmers into bankruptcy.

WHAT has been the total effect of Nazi attempts to cripple our sea power?

BRITAIN'S Navy is stronger now than when the war started, and there are nine battleships and battle cruisers, twenty-three cruisers, several dozen destroyers, and a number of submarines on the stocks at the nation's shipbuilders.

Altogether, more than a million tons of fighting ships are under construction.

Much of this work is well advanced, and Naval vessels are joining the fleet at the rate of one and two a week.

All these are real Naval ships, and quite apart from the many auxiliary ships that have been taken over for Naval duties since the beginning of the war.

WHO'S who in uniform? What is the distinguishing mark between a Merchant Marine officer's uniform and a Naval officer's uniform?

SLEEVE stripes are the same unless the Merchant officer is in the Royal Naval Reserve. Then his stripes are wavy instead of straight.

Hence the nickname for the R.N.R.—the "Wavy Navy."

Real distinction is in the cap badge. The Naval officer wears the "crown and anchor," the Merchant officer usually the "house crest" of his line.

WHEN will we learn the truth about the "row" between the War Office and the Air Ministry over the position of the flying force in France?

THERE were two R.A.F. commands in France when the war started. One was with the B.E.F.

Now there is one unit, "The British Air Forces in France," under the command of Air Marshal A. S. Barratt, ex-Royal Flying Corps hero of the last war.

"Trouble" arose when the Army claimed absolute control of the R.A.F. Commanders said they should be able to give orders and use the Air Force as a unit in the general strategic plans for the conduct of the war, just as they do with the artillery.

The Air Ministry agrees that the Army must have co-operation aircraft for "spotting" and reconnaissance, yet still argues that R.A.F. experts are best judges of what kind of targets are to be attacked.

Flying men will always believe that the Air Force is as much a separate arm as the Fleet.

● *In another of his fireside chats, the*

Rev. Pat McCormick

explains a famous Biblical phrase . . .

Because a man commits a crime is it fair that his grandson, a mere child, should suffer?

SINS of the FATHERS

THERE are many texts in the Bible which puzzle people. I am not a bit surprised.

The books which, collected together, form the Bible, were written many hundreds of years ago. To understand anything that dates back so far—whether it is customs, laws, or even furniture and dwellings—a great deal of knowledge is needed.

People forget this when they read the Bible. Sometimes they find a text which makes God into a Great Unloving Dictator. They say at once: "There! How unjust God is!"

A saying that puzzles a good many is "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Because a man commits a crime is it fair, they say, that his grandson or even great-grandson should suffer for it?

Now, some of you who live in the country have seen a mass of weeds that was once a well-tilled field. Village people will tell you, "In my grandfather's day that was some of the finest wheat-growing land in the country, but the old squire went up to London, and never took any trouble with his land, and that's what has happened."

The word "sin" simply means "missing the mark." Anyone who misses a mark that he can hit, and ought to hit, makes the world a worse place for others.

The whole human race is so bound together that every thought and action either helps or harms all others. That is why brainy writers have written about "the solidarity of the human race."

Throw a stone into a pond and you can watch the resulting ripples widen out further and further. Fail in character, and the harm done by that failure spreads out to others, so that there is no knowing where the results will end.

But, thank God, it is equally true that every straight and true character sends its influence out in the same way.

★

We are the heirs of all the ages that have gone before. If your grandfather or great-grandfather was a heavy drinker or a clever engineer, there is a great possibility that you, to-day, have inherited something of those qualities. If we don't inherit qualities of character, we certainly inherit brain-structures.

This was the idea that the writers of the book of Exodus had in their minds when they said: "The sins of the father will be visited on the children, unto the third and fourth generation." A warning and an inspiration.

No one of us lives to himself. So live at your best, otherwise beware of what will happen long after you have passed away.

It is generally accepted now that as a nation we sinned—missed the mark that we ought to have made—after the last war; so here are the children of those days paying the penalty to-day. If *their* children are called to suffer through lack of nourishment or through the terrors of enemy action, the sins of the Versailles Treaty are visited on them also.

The text comes to mean something very practical. The Bible gets down to brass tacks, and says: "It will not be enough to defeat the Germans to-day, if you defeat yourselves after the war is over by missing the mark again."

★

The discoveries of science are amazing, but did the "fathers" of these discoveries and inventions contemplate the bombing of women and children, the use of poison gas or the torpedoing of ships?

Generations have suffered for the sins of those who have turned great scientific gifts to the destruction of men. So the Bible puts the warning up in plain language.

If a nation has no vision of God and trueness, it perishes. What we do and are to-day will not die with us; it will live on as a blessing or a curse. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren will inherit the results of our sins . . . and of our efforts to live straightly.

BEHIND THE NEWS

SPITFIRE aircraft diving at 650 to 700 miles an hour, and climbing vertically at 400 m.p.h., will not remain a curiosity. They are expected to affect design of all future machines, to push British air superiority even higher into the clouds.

◆

BECAUSE we have better fighters in production, and only two out of twenty Nazi fighters tried to attack our bombers in a recent encounter, Goering has ordered yet another type of Messerschmitt to be invented.

◆

MR. DE VALERA may soon resign, making way for coalition Cabinet to round up I.R.A.

◆

LOSS of more than a million pounds a week n revenue through dearer car tax is prompting econd thoughts at the Treasury. Some experts y tax is worth while, because it keeps cars off e road and saves petrol.

◆

BEHIND Cabinet's appeal to "leave evacuated ildren where they are" is demand of some al authorities for completely new and compul- y evacuation plan. Ministers are now "con- ering the position."

◆

NEW Nazi campaign, accusing Allies of plan- g attack on Russia, arises from anxiety about neral Weygand's fast-growing Syrian Army, ich ends Nazi dreams of fomenting trouble in Near East.

◆

O GET the Allies fighting on another front, lin hopes to persuade Russia to "strike first" invading Iraq and Palestine. Stalin will pre- ably decide that one Finland at a time is e than enough.

◆

HREE Germans with distinguished records the last war have joined Active Citizens' es in South Africa. One is among most liant air aces of history. Can't give names, obvious reasons.

◆

ZI arms and machine-guns seized by Cape police were destined for South-West Africa. e cases were labelled as radio sets or gerators. Largest machine-gun parts were ed to resemble farm machinery.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

That's the Spirit!

'OP up, sir! Last bus to-night and my mate's in a 'urry to get 'ome. . . .

Why, you're quite aht of breath! Couldn't get a taxi, eh? That's too bad for an old toff like you, but you see the taxi men don't get any too much juice these days and they can't go cruising rahnd so much as they used to do.

You know something abaht that, do you? . . . You don't mean to tell me you're one of them blinking petroleum orficers! . . . Coo, I wish I 'ad 'arf your luck!

Sixteen divisional orficers, ain't there, drawing from six-fifty to eight 'undred a year? An' I did 'ear that thirteen of them was retired men—pensioners as you might call 'em!

So you're only an assistant orficer yourself. And they don't none of them get more than five 'undred? . . . 'Ard lines, but then I suppose you wos in the Civil Service like most of your pals an' you 'ave your pension to 'elp things out!

NO, sir, I don't blame you for taking on the job, but it beats me to understand why Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd 'ad to pick so many pensioners when there's lots of good men aht of work.

An' there's a good many uvver fings I don't understand abaht this 'ere petrol rationing, if it comes to that. F'instance, can you tell me, guvnor, why dentists 'ave the same rations as doctors?

Or why business men and commercials never bloomin' well know wot they're going to get.

"See the rations are equal too, guvnor!"

Wot's that you say; "extra petrol is allowed on a strict principle for essential and semi-essential national service"? . . . .

That's fine, but 'oo decides which is which, and 'ow does it 'appen that if a bloke applies to another 'e may get turned dahn?

Don't you fink there ought to be one rule all the way through? And oughtn't the commercial travellers, poor fellers, to get a lot more juice than they *are* getting?

I've got a pal 'oo used to do all 'is travelling by car and nah 'e's only getting a third of the petrol 'e 'ad before the war. Result is, 'e's simply 'ad to cut 'is travelling dahn and 'is firm's business 'as gone dahn wiv it.

MIND you, I 'aven't much sympathy with private motorists. Seems to me they're lucky to be able to 'ave cars at all in war time.

The only real grumble they've got is that this 'ere pool spirit is mighty poor stuff as well as being dam dear.

You wouldn't know, I suppose, 'oo decides when to put the price up or 'ow much? . . . No; nobody seems to know that.

I expect it's one of them "official secrets."

But I tell you wot, guvnor: the worst part of the 'ole rationing scheme is that all sorts of people are getting extra petrol wot don't need it.

That's 'ow it 'appens there's such a lot of spare coupons floating abaht and any smart guy can wangle a little extra juice.

"All 'ighly irregular and an offence against the law." . . You're telling me, but it's being done and if you and your mates don't know it, it's time you did.

Wot's more, it's time you stopped it. I know for a fact there's lashings of petrol in the country, but that ain't the point.

The point is that nobody ought to get more than 'is fair share for plain joy riding, see?

"Pool spirit!" It's a nice name. Gives you the idea of everybody chipping in equally, don't it? . . .

Well, see that the rations are equal, too, guvnor, cos that's the right spirit for any pool.

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

Germany's Swap-Window

NAZI newspapers nowadays feature columns headed "Tausch" (meaning "barter") and full of offers to exchange household goods and luxury articles for food, clothing and so forth.

Advertisements which may be expected any day now include the following:—

Would exchange two pocket battleships for pair of white mice or anything useful.—Apply Ad. R--d-r, Oberofficerscuttle.

Large and valuable collection of medals, covering an area of two cubic Field-Marshals, available for disposal. Offers of foodstuffs will receive preference.—Write Hermann G.

What offers for large quantity of champagne for which owner has no further use?.—R-bb-tr-p, care this Office. (Moscow papers please copy.)

Complete set "Merry Widow" gramophone records, also a blitzkrieg (slightly moth-eaten); will exchange for really reliable headache cure.—Address replies, X.Y.Z., Berchtesgaden.

Hush!

Russia, it is announced from Moscow, now has a "secret weapon," described as "an invention unparalleled in history."

The Kremlin has put out some remarkable "inventions" in its time, but we just can't believe that they have bettered Goebbels' standard.

'Nuff Rit!

I hereby declare
That I really don't care
What happened to Unity Mit.;
If I read any more
About her, as a bore,
She will rival her favourite, Hit.!

Sex 'Enery

"Russians don't seem to be doing too well," I remarked by way of opening the conversation.

"No, an' I don't wonder at it, neither," said 'Enery. "Wot can you expect wiv a lot of blinkin' women in their army?"

"Yes, I see they even have a number of women battalion commanders."

"An' can't I 'ear them argufying wiv one anuver w'en it comes to gettin' ready to attack!"

"Or to retreat."

"Orright, if you like. I s'pose ole Uncle Joe Stalin bumped off so many officers in them there purges that 'e 'as to fall back on ther female of ther speechus."

"Maybe."

"Personably, I don't 'old wiv females bein' sodjers. Er women's place is in ther 'ome."

"That's right."

"'Oo wos th' bloke wot sed that woman is the recreation of ther warrior?"

"Napoleon, I believe."

"Well, 'e sed a mouthful. Thank 'eaven, though," declared 'Enery fervently, "I'm no bloomin' warrior—not now! My recreation's beer!"

Not so Glorious

One thousand young women, the staff of a big insurance company evacuated to South Devon, are finding that county dull.

"What's the matter with the young men?" they want to know. "Most of us have forgotten the thrill of being taken out for the evening." Up, Muse!

Oh, to be at Bognor!
Or Ashton-under-Lyne,
At Clacton or on Wigan Pier,
Or any blessed place but here
In Devon by the Brine!

Of cider and of scen'ry
And other Devon joys
We oft heard singers sing of old,
But we, alas! were never told
How dumb are Devon boys!

The clotted cream of Devon
Our boredom scarce abates,
For there's a void it cannot fill,
And Devon's apples fail to thrill
When what we want are "dates"!

Light that Failed

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When first you set about
To fight the hosts of darkness
By blacking London out,
Our shins and tempers suffered,
And many a body blow
Was dealt us by a pillar-box,
John Anderson, my Jo.

In time we got accustomed
To the surrounding murk,
And bruises were less frequent
Until you set to work
"Improving" London's lighting,
Since when I dare not go
A hundred yards from home sweet home,
John Anderson, my Jo.

OLD BILL and SON
By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I wouldn't worry about not having had leave this last Christmas, Dad. There'll be plenty more Christmasses when you might get it"

Through Other Eyes

Will it be the Old Story?
—San Francisco Chronicle

Man up a tree always is bold
—Philadelphia Record

Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was a Little Man who had a dear little electric torch, but the battery had run out.

So he went into a shop and said: "Please, I want a sweet little battery for my nice little electric torch."

"Certainly, sir," said the shopkeeper; "here you are—sixpence, please."

Whereupon the Little Man ran into the street screaming hysterically and clapping his hands to show that he believed in fairies.

Now, isn't that a pretty story, darlings? . . .

Orright, if you're not satisfied, invent your own bloomin' lie!

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

HANNEN SWAFFER begins to-day a series of brilliant pen portraits of Britain's Regional Commissioners. No. 1.—"Evans of the Broke"

HE'S *a One*-MAN Air-Raid!

His eagle eye is constantly searching for the tiny bits of inefficiency that escape the scrutiny of lesser men

IT is fitting that "Evans of the Broke" is a Civil Defence Regional Commissioner—one of London's two.

In a sense, you see, he was the pioneer of A.R.P.

When, in August, 1938, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Nore, the three local authorities—Chatham, Rochester and Gillingham—asked him what sort of protection against air raids could be assured for their 150,000 inhabitants if war came.

Soon, he and the mayors had formed a "Medway Area Defence Committee."

Not long after, he had ordered the Navy establishments to provide a temporary alarm system, arranged for local doctors to undergo anti-gas training at the Chatham naval school, and made plans for police, ambulance men and public service workers to undergo training.

As you would expect of him, he has introduced some of the Navy's realism into London's civil defence.

Not content with prescribing the exercises that are part of the training of air raid wardens, firemen and ambulance workers, he sometimes turns up and talks like this:

"I'm an air raid. The town hall's on fire. There are forty-nine dying people in the High Street. Here's a list of buildings that have collapsed.

"The gas mains have been broken at these points. The electricity has gone at the points mentioned in this list, and has started a fire in these three places."

When he has recited a whole lot more he will add: "Now what about it?"

SOMETIMES, even when the machinery is working full out under his eagle eye, he blows up a few more bridges and blocks a few more roads, just to see what A.R.P. can do without breaking down.

Well, his title "Evans of the Broke"—in the Navy "Evans" is enough—was won in that do-it-now sort of way.

I have sometimes heard him accused of self-advertising, "loving the limelight." The truth is he *makes* news.

Only a man of action could have survived such a handicap as his Christian names — "Edward Radcliffe Garth Russell."

Britain first heard of Evans because he was the last man now surviving who saw Scott alive in the Antarctic.

When we lent him to the Antipodes to command the Australian navy in 1929 he was persuaded to describe the ill-fated but ever-glorious expedition.

Breezily, he began to lecture a large audience on the vicissitudes of the march from the main base to the spot where he and two others parted from Scott and his party of four.

When Evans began to tell of the last good-bye, and how he watched until Scott, plodding forward, became a tiny black spot on a white horizon of snow and ice, he suddenly broke down.

He was so overcome that he couldn't add a word to a lecture only half completed.

Two hundred of his audience broke down, too. The sight of a granite man breaking down like that was too much for them.

Even Australia called him "tough"—and Australia should know.

Adoring him, if only because of that, they started a bumper presentation. Evans insisted the subscriptions be limited to one penny.

He has a volcanic temper, but it subsides as quickly as it explodes.

"You blankety blank!" he has said at, say, 9.59 a.m., to a younger officer asking for leave. "No, you can't!"

"About that leave you asked for," has followed at 10.1. "I've been thinking it over. . . ."

IT was in South Africa that he got in wrong. He hadn't been long there before a row broke out in Bechuanaland.

Phineas McIntosh, a Scot, had been flogged on the order of Chief Tshekedi. Evans went up with howitzers and all the parade of the Navy; tried Tshekedi, and suspended him from rulership.

It was true that the native chief had no right to try a white man, that it was a job for a resident magistrate. But the way in which Evans passed sentence was theatrical.

Machine-guns were trained on the 30,000 natives who were made to hear him pass judgment!

There was a certain kindness, however, in his phrasing. "Although you are known to be a decent, clean-living man, and a clever man," he said, "you have frequently flouted the administration."

Besides, he also banished Phineas McIntosh from all native territories.

And, when Tshekedi was reinstated, Evans did the job himself, with ceremony—this time without guns—in full view of the tribe.

Evans learned Afrikaans so well in Africa in his spare time that he was able to write a 4,000 word article, all his own translation, for an Afrikaans weekly paper.

He also knows French Danish and Norwegian perfectly.

It was in 1917 that he became "Evans of the Broke." When in command of the destroyer *Broke*, of Dover, he and the destroyer *Swift* engaged and defeated six destroyers.

Two were sunk; the rest were hopelessly damaged. It was a real Nelson stroke.

So was his "Repel borders" order, one followed by a Rugby scrum in which the *Broke's* crew beat off Germans with their fists and spanners.

FOUR years later when, as commander of H.M.S. *Carlisle* in Asiatic waters, he saw a Chinese passenger ship, the *Hong Moh*, wrecked in raging seas, he thought nothing of plunging into the wild waters with a life-line and making a link by means of which 700 people were saved.

For six hours he was in and out of the sea, and they say he saved at least half the people himself!

Even then, when, a little later, his propeller fouled in the wreckage, he himself dived in to clear it.

So you won't have to mind if Evans calls on you at five in the morning with his orders.

"I'll have to call on the wardens at So-and-So to help us with this," complained one perspiring fire chief.

"You can't," says Evans, making it worse. "They're gassed."

ARGUE IT OUT— —BY PALLAS

The Glutton's Waterloo

WHEN rationing came in 1918 we managed all right. True, I have bitter memories of trundling bags of coal home on a borrowed hand-cart; of muttering mother's wants to the butcher; and of weary waits—rare but depressing—for a pound or two of sugar.

But we managed.

I don't think any of us went hungry. And I'm certain that our health did not suffer.

In the Army the food, for the first few days, sickened me.

The sight of repulsive messes of half-cooked sausage meat, the stew served at mid-day, and the three half slices of bread with margarine and "jam" for tea were too much for my civilian liking.

Then a young and lusty hunger reasserted itself.

Early rising, squad drill, musketry, physical jerks transformed me into a machine that would eat anything.

With my colleagues, I even skimmed the fat off the large pots standing outside in the cookhouse and fried slices of bread in the dripping.

How good it was!

Never, since my Army days, have I captured the glorious health and sense of fitness created by hard work and rough, inadequate rations. I was *always* hungry. My few shillings pay went on gaspers and grub.

Now rationing is with us again. And I don't care a rap.

In the first week our bacon supply gave out after four days. I smiled. Bacon is not essential to life.

There are sausages, liver, eggs, kidney, porridge and all sorts of cereals to take the place of the bacon.

Only the glutton is going to moan about rationing. Thank heaven, I am not a glutton.

I like my food, and I like it well served.

It is good for man and woman to enjoy food. Beer and beef, they say, made Old England.

It built a race of seafarers, of men who endured with uncanny toughness tropical sun and polar ice in their never-ending search for new lands.

Gluttony built nothing—nothing that is, except selfishness and indigestion.

Is there any sight so sickening as the man or woman stuffing away food and drink until the gorging process is complete?

If rationing removes the gluttons from our midst it will have achieved a great social reform.

It will save the glutton's overfed body, apart from having a beneficial effect on his mind.

He has no real joy in food. He delights only in eating.

How different is the gourmet, he who cultivates the palate, he whose gustatory senses are attuned finely like the strings of an age-mellowed violin!

Your true gourmet will not suffer through rationing—at any rate, not for some time.

Oysters and caviare will still be laid before him; *pâté de foie gras de Strasburg aux truffles* will still set him back at about 4s. 6d. a portion.

Game and poultry, fish and fine wines are still procurable.

The gourmet is a fine artist.

In him is the true philosophy of food. Yet the gourmet, like the glutton, is anti-social in time of war.

He demands the care and attention of well-staffed kitchens.

His foods are luxuries, especially those costly tit-bits coming from abroad.

But we cannot afford luxuries.

Eating serves its purpose.

An under-nourished nation cannot hope to win a war that demands more and more effort from its workers.

The transformation of food into force is a vital part of the war plan.

You can help that war plan by utilising every ounce of your rations. The supplies allotted you are ample. They will keep you warm and well fed.

They will curb the hoggishness of the glutton and will limit the extravagant fare of the gourmet.

If you are like me, those rations will make you fitter.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Big Menace to Small Traders

Mystery of the Missing Assets

TWO thousand suspicious trade bankruptcies, involving £1,500,000 in two years, are involved in a disgraceful scandal that has been getting worse since the war started.

Chief victim is the small manufacturer or wholesaler, and all reasonable precautions do not save him. The loose law is to blame.

G. S. Jauver Singh Mulkani, who traded as a metal merchant in Lime Street, London, E.C., owed £51,230 when he filed his petition recently. His assets realised 11s. 1d.

Those supplying him with goods felt they were taking no more than the ordinary trade risk.

Jauver's business seemed to be substantial. Yet when he was asked in the Bankruptcy Court to explain where the money had gone, many explanations he gave were described by the Official Receiver as fantastic.

In another instance, in which liabilities were only £1,333 with assets of £1 16s., it was shown that the man behind the firm concerned had his discharge from a previous bankruptcy suspended for seven years.

That shows the view taken of it by the Registrar.

Liabilities had been £19,032, assets nil.

Yet this man, shortly after his discharge, was able to do the same thing again.

More and more men are going bankrupt in suspicious circumstances for such comparatively small amounts as £1,000 or £2,000, but the mounting aggregate is proving serious.

Even if failures are due to inexcusable carelessness, as they are sometimes, it is shocking that the law allows them to continue.

One man, whose mantle and cotton manufacturing concern in Golden Lane, London, was liquidated a short time ago, failed to produce any accounts!

Liabilities were £3,747.

All that happened apparently was that the proceedings were adjourned indefinitely.

When a Cardiff merchant named Colley Greasley, with debts running into four figures and assets of less than £1, said all his business papers had been destroyed accidentally, the Official Receiver retorted that it was the craziest story he had ever heard.

Possibly, but that opinion was all the creditors received!

The merchant explained that his papers were burned when he left a lighted pipe on them while he was interviewing a commercial traveller.

His ledger was unreadable, he said, because his wife had spilled some washing water over it!

Scotland Yard has a big file devoted to a man who is known to have thrived for years on bogus bankruptcies. He works through dummies with such skill that even though the police spent nearly twelve months enquiring into his activities, they had to content themselves with prosecuting his cat's-paws.

After being approached by a national commercial organisation, the Board of Trade was considering just before the war started the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to overhaul the Bankruptcy Acts

It was suggested that bankruptcies should be divided into realisation and investigation classes.

The former would be those in which simple adjudication was obviously all that was necessary.

The other class, which would include all suspicious cases, should be rigorously investigated.

Sir William Brown, Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, may be busy, but I urge that steps be taken now to mitigate the evil, even though it cannot be fully tackled until after the war.

Sir William Brown

Why are War Firms Idle?

ALTHOUGH equipped with extensive machinery for making munitions, a firm that has been on the list of war contractors for months has not yet received a single order from the Ministry of Supply.

A large sum of money was devoted to preparing the factory for war work.

Yet in the fifth month of war skilled craftsmen are still being turned away, and the machinery is suffering through lying idle.

Numbers of firms in similar plight have been discovered by a JOHN BULL investigator since the protest meeting in London at which 1,200 manufacturers from all parts of the country demanded that something be done.

"My firm is one of the most experienced in the production of special instruments for war use," said one manager. "Yet we have secured little work, despite considerable correspondence with the Ministry."

A small engineering company, capable of useful production, has been on the Air Ministry list for a year without receiving an order.

But it is denied officially that contracts are being given by favour to big firms.

Even so, thousands of small manufacturers are being ignored, and it is obvious that the method of giving out contracts must be changed.

Orders for large quantities of motorcycles and ambulances are being placed in the United States, while many firms over here are yearning for such work.

Twenty million pounds is sunk in the factories of the small men who are being squeezed out, and there are more than a million and a quarter unemployed.

The engineering trade alone has 27,352 idle.

It is all very well for Ministers concerned to say that soon the job will be looking for the man. The war is five months old and all available plant should now be working at full pressure.

Can you wonder that the public is suspicious?

Undies for 6d!

IF a complete stranger offered you three pairs of "Ladies' Art. Silk Stockings" or "A Lady's Art. Silk Undie-Set" worth 7s. 6d, for only sixpence, you would be foolish not to feel suspicious.

Yet this is the offer made by "H. A. C.," of The Hawthorns, Essex Road, Laindon.

The snag is not hard to find once sixpences have been despatched.

Clients receive ten printed forms to be filled in by ten friends of each applicant. They each have to send sixpence, and likewise find ten further "friends," before the goods can be supplied.

"H. A. C." is A. C. Hare, who operates from a small bungalow.

When my representative asked a woman there about this business she naïvely said, "Oh, that's Hare's racket!"

Hare has recently sported well-cut clothes and a car. Until he started this scheme, an obvious "snowball" venture that must inevitably burst, he was hard up!

FOR A SONG . . .

"FREE publication guaranteed—contacts wanted with lyric writers," claims an advertisement issued by Montague Ross from an office in Broadway Chambers, Ludgate Broadway, E.C.4.

In replying, a reader, who wanted to test Ross' claims, submitted some specimen lyrics, reminiscent of "hit" dance tunes of the moment.

Montague Ross apparently liked them immensely, and promptly wrote saying that he was willing to set them to music for £5 5s.

If that was not convenient, he was even willing to accept half the amount down.

"There's £ s. d. in your lyrics and fortunes for tunes," Ross declared in a pamphlet he sent to the reader.

In stressing that song-writing is a profession that can make fortunes, the pamphlet goes on to tell how Irving Berlin once a newspaper boy on the streets of New York, is now receiving thousands of pounds in royalties every year.

Inexperienced song-writers should bear in mind that Irving Berlins are hard to find. . . .

An enquiry about "Montague Ross" has yielded interesting results. The office at Broadway Chambers is small, and was empty when my investigator called.

The concern is run by a Mrs. Jeffers, the sub-tenant of another agency.

Letters also arrive for her there in the name of the "Pearl Publications" and "Geoffrey Ward."

Any composer, advertising for "lyric writers" in this way, willing to set drivel to music for a fee, should obviously be kept much at arm's length.

Evacuees Tortured

ROGUES and petty cheats about whom I receive so many complaints appear to be fewer these days.

Instead, I hear more often of the child tormentor.

Boys and girls evacuated to the country are generally being given every care, but the fiendish cruelty to which one five-year-old boy in the North was subject is only too typical of what is happening to some unfortunate children.

The evacuee beaten by William Halewood, of Broughton, Lancashire, in whose house he was billeted, had twenty-two bruises. He had been locked in a dark room for hours while Halewood made weird noises and shouted that ghosts were coming to haunt the boy.

Two months' hard labour was the punishment this brute received.

Edward Rogers escaped at Perth with a fine of £1 for striking two boy evacuees with a strap.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harrison, of Clarendon Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire, were fined only £2 for ill-treating a three-year-old girl evacuee.

They struck her on the head with a brush, and it was alleged that they put a hot poker on her hand.

A boy barely three years old was a mass of bruises and had both eyes blackened when seen by an S.P.C.C. inspector in a house at Blackburn. He had been chased round a yard and lashed on the legs with a belt.

His mother was sent to jail for two months, and Benjamine Walker, in whose house they lived, was sentenced to three months.

"The child cried at night and disturbed my sleep," pleaded a Cardiff father, William Collins, who went to jail for four months when his twenty-two-month-old son was found with severe bruises and a deep cut over his eye.

Let me know if you hear of any instances of abominable cruelty.

Public Benefactor

Mrs. M. Nash, of Clapham Park Road, London, S.W.4, receives this week's guinea. She drew my attention to a novel venture about which enquiries are being made.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address them to me at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MAURICE FAGENCE, *bringing you News from the Frontiers, introduces the little men who are proving the real heroes of the war waging around Britain's coast.*

Every Man a HERO!

Bearded, tired, Lieut.-Commander G. C. Phillips brings the submarine "Ursula" back to port, after running the gauntlet of six destroyers to sink a Nazi cruiser

There's no need to search far if you want to find real heroes nowadays, not if you are anywhere near the East Coast. You'll tumble over them.

Don't look for conventional heroes with Wallace Beery shoulders and Clark Gable chins. They don't look like that.

Some are diminutive. Many are oily. A few wear George Formby grins. A few more look like choir-boys, and aren't much older.

Let me introduce a few of those I met last week. It will make it easier for you to identify them.

THERE were two noteworthy points about the sailor I met under the Forth Bridge. He was easily the smallest man in uniform I had seen in the whole of Queensferry, and, unlike all the sailors I had met in the South, he sported the name of his ship—or of *a* ship—in his cap-band.

He was serving in a submarine. Space is limited in these craft, and Jacks are preferable to Giants, especially the Jacks who are authentic Giant-killers.

As to that hat-band! He produced a bundle of them from his pocket and waved them in the air. "Every one a different name," he chortled, "and I can wear just what I like."

He had just started leave, and he was full of what he was going to do.

"I used to do a paper-round in Birmingham," he said. "It's dad's own shop. I shall help the lad take the papers round early in the morning, and it'll seem like old times. I'm used to getting up early, anyhow."

But what about *last* week?

For fifteen days he and his mates had been at sea, with only a cupful of water a day for washing.

In that time, they had never seen daylight.

By day they had crept under the surface of the sea searching for the enemy, not daring to show themselves for a moment.

By night they had surfaced to breathe in the treacherous, mist-laden and icy air hanging over the sea at this time of the year, as though it were the noon air of Sicily.

Once a British ship spotted their periscope, mistook them for a U-boat, tried to ram them.

So the skipper put his ship through some desperate manœuvres that turned everybody's stomach over, came up alongside the merchantman, bestowed his best thanks on the skipper for doing his duty, and then gently issued the reminder that there were other ships besides German sailing the seas.

Strange to think that that hero with the many hat-bands will be delivering newspapers this week. I hope he delivers this issue of JOHN BULL.

*

LATER I was watching the return of a submarine that had been at sea for seventeen days.

You don't hear of these men until they get the chance to sink ships of the German fleet, as our submarines *Salmon* and *Ursula* have done.

They don't sink German merchantmen at sight—and wouldn't even if German merchantmen dared to venture out!

Officers and men looked like bundles of knitting wrapped up anyhow. Their chins were like pin-cushions.

When I asked how long they'd been away, I was told, "A sailor could judge from our whiskers."

There even a landsman could see by their red-rimmed, blinking eyes that they'd seen precious little of daylight in that time.

*

I MUSTN'T be unfair to the heftier sailors. There was "Lanky," for instance, whom I met on the North-East coast.

"Lanky" has the names of three battleships tattooed on his arm. He has sailed in all of them. But since war broke out he has never left land.

Yet I include him in my list of heroes.

He is a member of a team that dismantles enemy mines under the supervision of a Commander.

Each death-dealing monster has to be tipped over until a small plate underneath can be reached. The plate is then detached, a quarter of a ton of explosives removed, and the monster apparatus then dismantled.

"I sometimes feel I'd like to be doing something *useful*," said "Lanky," looking wistfully towards the sea.

*

STIFFY, a naval man I met at Grimsby said, "Old George, here, is a civilian. He has to clamber over ships at night doing repair jobs. And it's no joke when you can't show a light.

"I know how many men have been drowned at night in this port alone, getting ships ready. People don't realise what some of these lads have to do."

Stiffy was interrupted by George.

"Go on," he said. "Don't talk a lot of hot air. Tell him how you were torpedoed in *Courageous*."

Stiffy took off his cap, looked inside, put it on again, and then asked me whether I thought there would be any real interest in football until the leagues were resumed.

*

CAPTAIN HOLMES was waiting convoy to the Mediterranean.

"Ruddy well expecting me to wait for a convoy," he said. "Blimey, I've got a gun, haven't I? They'll be giving me a chaperone next."

*

BRITAIN is fighting the magnetic mine in many ways. One is a balloon barrage *off* the coast of Britain, to persuade the German airmen who sow such mines that it's safer to stay at home.

The balloons are fastened to barges, the crews of which are partly airmen, partly lightermen.

Off one port the other night a balloon barrage barge received a message from the coast saying, "Don't move. Aerial observation shows there is a magnetic mine right under you."

All night long the barge crew waited, wincing at every roll, pitch, toss and swing of their vessel.

The next morning, having received another air report to the effect that they could escape unscathed by weighing anchor very, very gently, they made a get-away.

In the evening I heard members of the crew of a destroyer pulling the legs of R.A.F. men taking part in this perilous balloon barrage work.

"You canal sailors . . .," they said, with a friendly gleam in their eyes that showed what they really thought.

One of them added in an undertone that I alone could hear, "I take my hat off to those lads. Who wants to be on a blasted barge at sea in war time? Specially if you're not a sailor."

If you gave medals to every sailor who deserved one, the whole East Coast would clank like a goods train, and the Royal Mint wouldn't be able to get on with its job of making coins.

The Human Machine

7 Wise Words

IF it were possible to submit disputes between nations to some super-scientist for ultimate analysis, he would probably brush aside all the causes that seemed obvious, and point to the common underlying cause—a lack of understanding.

We cannot deal with people without coming to certain conclusions about them.

Consciously or unconsciously, deliberately or almost without knowing it, we ticket them, judge them and put them into little pre-prepared pigeon holes, according to the judgments we form and the conclusions at which we arrive.

There is nothing wrong in this.

It is inevitable that we should do it, but it is wrong to form hasty judgments, or to draw definite conclusions on insufficient evidence.

This hasty drawing of unwarranted conclusions leads to many quarrels. Most quarrels are based on misunderstandings that a little more knowledge on both sides would sweep away.

Few people feel the same about things.

The only really safe rule in human relationships is to assume that whoever you are dealing with is different from yourself in every respect.

You must become an explorer before you become a judge.

You must learn before you try to understand.

It is a common failing to try to remake people after our own pattern.

From it springs most of the world's troubles.

"To know all is to forgive all," says the French proverb.

There is more profound wisdom in those seven words than in many encyclopædias.

He had great riches, friends, and fine homes. He lost everything. And now the man with the Midas touch, sitting in his one room, tells you what life has taught him . . .

I had a Million!

A sketch of Carl Roessler by a fellow - refugee, Professor Felix A. Harta

"IF I HAD A MILLION POUNDS. . . ."

EVERYBODY has toyed with that daydream. Everybody has read (yet not necessarily believed) the laments of rich men, explaining that wealth brings care and worry, not happiness.

Well, here are the views of a man who made a million, then lost it.

Carl Roessler, an Austrian, created an international reputation as a playwright some years ago. Going into finance, he found he had the Midas touch

He became one of the Rich Men of Europe.

Inflation robbed him of most of his millions. Nazis took the rest.

Now, homeless and penniless, a refugee, he lives on the charity of friends.

What must be the thoughts of a man who has come from the Golden Halls of Wealth to the Garrets of Poverty? Carl Roessler reveals them for JOHN BULL.

I USED to have an income of many thousands of pounds a year. Now I have eighteen shillings a week, the gift of generous friends.

I used to have a mansion in Vienna, another in Berlin—fifty rooms in all. Now I live in one room under the roof of a boarding-house in Maida Vale.

I used to give parties for a hundred persons

Now, if one person climbs the four steep flights of stairs leading to my lodging my life feels crowded with excitement.

I used to be irascible, often dejected through overwork, seldom really at peace with myself.

Now, even though I cannot be truly happy while so many of my fellow - countrymen are enslaved, while there is so much misery in the world, at least I have achieved a certain philosophy that enables me to think with equanimity of my vanished wealth, regretting only that I did not use it better when I had it.

★

For what does one man want with fifty rooms?

He can use only one at a time. There can be no great hardship if it is the same room all the time.

Now this is not what you call "sour grapes."

I am not sneering at riches because I am no longer rich.

But I do know that SURPLUS *possessions of any kind give you mental and moral indigestion as surely as too much pudding will make you uncomfortable physically.*

★

My happiest days were spent achieving, gaining in the race for success.

Although I am now an old man, full of copy-book maxims, I still agree with the youngsters who claim that there can be no progress for the human race without the spur of the competitive spirit.

But the rewards awaiting the victors at present, especially in the more vulgar forms of enterprise, are far too immense.

The esteem of one's fellows should suffice. . . .

My rise towards the ranks of millionaires began when my play, "The Five Frankfurters," was produced in Vienna and Berlin.

It dealt with the original Rothschild brothers, and it was good because it dealt with money and money-makers, a subject that fascinated me.

"Here is the first man who has ever made money out of us without our getting a share," said one of the Rothschild family.

An instantaneous success, the play was translated into a dozen languages. Perhaps you remember the London production in 1911?

As I make coffee in my little room, I often think back to those days.

The way money poured in!

I had always wanted it. And I received a swift golden stream.

I suspect now that if you desire anything keenly enough you will get it. The gods take their revenge by charging a profiteer's price for it.

Shrewd brokers speculated for me.

I did not want 5 per cent. per annum. I wanted to gamble. All or nothing.

Because I desired fame as well as fortune, I went on working at new plays.

In fact, I slaved so hard to make money that I had no time to spend it, and that is the silliest thing a man can do.

If I had wealth to-day, I should still be its slave.

Instead of having leisure to sit and think, or to watch children playing in the park, I should be working twelve hours a day, guarding insanely the monstrous golden crops that I could never eat.

To have too much money is as bad—or almost as bad—as having none.

Moreover, after the first few months as a rich man, the thrill vanishes.

When I won a big lottery prize at the height of my fortune, I couldn't think what to do with the money except to make it breed more!

Of course, when the last war started I missed some of the hardships that others suffered.

I did not have to look for people whom I could bribe to sell me more food than I was allowed in my rations.

I was pestered by people suggesting I should bribe them to obtain extra food for me.

That is why I don't like rich men much now.

They may not be wicked themselves, but their presence produces cupidity in others.

I wager that rich men of all countries at war to-day are now being urged by parasites to wax even fatter on the agonies of their fellows.

★

As a poor man I can see the nobler qualities of mankind.

As a rich man during the last war I was shown only the wickedness of which man is capable.

After the war came inflation.

Half my fortune disappeared overnight.

I was distraught, even though my foreign investments still enabled me to escape the miseries facing most Austrians.

Although I could no longer extract much pleasure from owning great sums of money, I was sufficiently stupid to feel acute misery when I found myself counting hundreds instead of thousands.

[Now, if I have sixpence for some cigarettes, I am a king!]

When the Nazis came, they took what was left of my money.

Because I was known as a liberal, I had to flee to England to escape imprisonment.

No butlers now.
No fat cigars.
No champagne parties.

No brokers wanting me to make ten thousand pounds overnight.

All I have is a roof over my head, a little simple food, a few good friends, and plenty of time to think and watch and listen.

If you have these, you have much.

When I recall the old days, I find pride not in the money I made, but in the few good things I wrote.

I would like my time over again—yes. *Not to make another million, but to try to write a play better than anything I have yet done.*

Perhaps there is still time for that.

After all, I am only seventy-five. . . .

He told us that we must accept a reduced standard of living and must cut down our consumption of non-essential commodities because we've got to win the war!

To hasten certain victory, the Nation realises that equality of sacrifice must go hand-in-hand with equality of service . . .

NOTHING ELSE MATTERS

NOW that the "sensational" change at the War Office has been discussed in Parliament—as well as everywhere else—we intend to forget it.

As Cabinet Ministers go, Mr. Hore-Belisha is a young man. He has gone, but the chances are that he will still be going strong long after some of our elder statesmen have been translated from Westminster to Westminster Abbey.

And after some of our more venerable staff officers have exchanged their brass hats—we hope—for haloes.

Even if Hore-Belisha's dismissal had spelt the end of a promising political career, however, we should still be less concerned about him than about Oliver Stanley, his successor.

For no personal reputation is of the slightest consequence in comparison with the successful prosecution of the war. Upon that and upon that alone all Ministers of the Crown must be judged.

Nothing else matters.

The Premier has stressed the same idea.

"I do not believe that there is any people in the world," he said, "who are more patriotic, more ready to sacrifice themselves for their country or their principles, than our own."

HE was right. The man in the street, no less than Mr. Chamberlain himself, is prepared to "subordinate everything else, all thought of rest or relaxation, and all partial affections, and all personal feelings and considerations whatsoever," to the one purpose of winning the war.

But with all their loyalty the people of these islands mix a sturdy common-sense and a stubborn insistence upon fair play.

Just now, in a section of the Press said to wield an influence as great as its circulation is small, there is a marked tendency to exploit the patriotism of the small wage earners.

For their own sakes they are urged not to ask for increased pay with every fresh rise of prices.

That hoary old phrase—"the vicious spiral"—is trotted out again and again. If wages and prices chase each other, declare these pundits of the anything-but-popular Press, the result can only be inflation followed by the misery of unemployment and depression.

And, after all, they argue, it isn't the number of pounds a man gets in his pay envelope that matters: it is what he can buy with them.

This argument contains much truth, but it is not honest, because it doesn't contain enough.

It is ingenious, but not ingenuous. It reminds us of a recent railway poster, which, however well intentioned, is still a glaring instance of the same kind of "special pleading."

"Food, shells and fuel must come first," this poster reads. "If your train is late and crowded, do you mind?"

Unthinkingly, the long-suffering public may answer that question with a devoted, "Certainly not! The country first every time!"

But the proper answer to it should be: "We don't mind unpunctuality and overcrowding if they are caused solely by the transport of food, shells and fuel.

But if, as we strongly suspect, they are partly due to poor organisation and partly to the natural tendency of any monopoly to ignore the comfort of the public, then we mind very much indeed, and resent them like the devil!"

And two-thirds of the British public—that important two-thirds which is too poor to pay any income-tax at all—ought to examine this "keep wages steady" appeal to their "patriotism" in much the same spirit.

Rightly and wisely, the Premier has warned us that these first uneventful weeks of the New Year may be nothing but the lull before the storm. He anticipates that 1940 will be a fateful year in world history.

And, because we've got to win the war—because, in fact, **nothing else matters**—he has told us with equal truth that we **must** accept a reduced standard of living and **must** cut down our consumption of non-essential commodities.

The fact is, indeed, that there will actually be far less to buy and that consequently there is bound to be, nationally, though not always individually, a surplus of money.

Thrift, therefore, becomes a national duty. Sir John Simon's appeal to save is a fair and reasonable one, and, what is more, "the little men" are responding to it magnificently with a steady contribution to Defence Bonds and War Savings Certificates of some ten millions a week.

When it comes to accepting the idea of "pegged wages," however, the retort of all the small wage earners is bound to be: "Why not peg prices first?"

Rationing, which has been introduced in a small way but which will certainly extend, is intended both to reduce consumption and to control prices.

IN any case, until the Government contrives to hold a steady price level, the British working classes cannot fairly be expected to "stay put" at existing wages. They don't mind hard work; they have consented to dilution; they are prepared to save, but they won't be left to carry the baby.

It may be true enough that "direct taxes are already so heavy as almost to constitute a conscription of wealth," but nobody can honestly pretend that the small incomes are really contributing less than the great.

Numbered among that two-thirds of the population with incomes of five pounds a week or less are the unemployed and the old-age pensioners. Their "wages" are pegged already.

They haven't enough to provide a decent standard of living now. With every fractional rise in the price of bread, sugar, meat, milk and margarine, the very poor come nearer to actual hunger.

No man who does not look at life through the "vicious spiral" of his own expensive cigar smoke dare suggest that the surtax payer is making sacrifices comparable to those of the really poor.

JOHN BULL, which hates war of any kind, hates the so-called "class war" as much as any other. It knows that victory cannot be won by the simple process of "soaking the rich."

But it does expect this National Government to plan nationally, and to hold fast to the principle of equal sacrifice in the common cause.

Without Fear or Favour by the Editor

We therefore urge the Government, in the first instance, to take immediate measures to prevent any further rise in the cost of essential foodstuffs, either by extended rationing or even by direct subsidies.

Furthermore, we think it essential that any national savings campaign must give the workers a guarantee that the savings they may make now will never be filched from them after the war is over under some new or extended Means Test.

For why should a poor fellow, doing unexpected work at long last, husband his every surplus shilling if, in the post-war depression which is so generally predicted, **but which need not happen**, an ungrateful State is to confiscate all he has saved before it will permit him to live?

Above all, we urge and implore the Government to restrict profits before it attempts to restrict wages.

All the big banks have declared dividends as big as or bigger than they were before the war. The railway stockholders, who don't mind our trains being late and overcrowded, are clamouring for higher returns.

And throughout industry and commerce we observe the same tendency to protect the shareholders at all costs and to fob the public off with nothing better than the promise that "undue increases in war wealth" will be taxed on some vague, indefinite to-morrow.

IT isn't good enough. The public are exhorted to avoid waste, but all the time Government departments are spending money like water.

They see the bureaucrats multiplying like rabbits. They observe with indignation that work is being found for a multitude of retired men and special favourites, while tens of thousands of people, thrown out of work by the war itself, register in vain at the Employment Exchange.

This nation will never fail its leaders in response to any vital appeal. It will willingly make sacrifices not only equal to but greater than any which can be imposed by force upon the people of the slave State which we are fighting.

But, in order to hasten its certain victory, it knows that equality of sacrifice must go hand in hand with equality of service.

And nothing else matters

You've Got to Move!

● *He was a helpful Young Man really, but at the time he struck me as being unusually stuffy and inclined to talk about himself. He became just a cardboard actor in my mind's eye drama*

IT'S strange how some little things remain in your memory and others not. You recall the way your first schoolmaster used to run his forefinger round the inside of his collar before he caned you. Yet you cannot for your life remember his name.

The gold design on the eight-sided red horn of your first phonograph comes back to you, but never again the shape of your first sideboard.

It doesn't matter either way, but why do some things stay and others go?

When the chief told me to go round to Causeway Lane and get some satisfaction out of Smith and Kyler's while there was some satisfaction to get, it meant just that to me.

I wasn't interested in the slightest.

I was merely annoyed.

The name of Smith and Kyler's stirred nothing in my memory. Nor did that of Causeway Lane.

I was annoyed at having to go out. I was an inside man and always had been.

We had a special staff to go out chivvying accounts, as I explained to the chief.

But as *he* explained to *me*, the war had taken most of our younger men, and now it was a case of fitting in where we could.

"All hands on deck," he said.

"Yes, of course," I had to agree.

So I got the details and found my hat and away I went.

Twenty-five years is a long time, and for nearly twenty-five years I had passed the end of Causeway Lane every day. It was now fixed in my mind (if at all) as the end of Causeway Lane and nothing else. I doubt if, nine times out of ten, I was aware of it. I just walked past.

Certainly it wasn't fixed in my mind as the place where, as a young boy, I had tried to get my first job.

Why should it be?

Well, why should you remember a trick of your schoolmaster's and the shape of a phonograph horn?

Still, there it was. Causeway Lane meant nothing to me.

Perhaps because I never got that job.

The entrance to Smith and Kyler's (when I came to it) meant nothing to me either. The worn steps and the rusty railings were complete strangers to me.

It was only when I saw the hand that everything came back.

It was, you see, the same old hand.

A QUARTER of a century slipped away. A new war went. An old war came back.

I was no longer a not-doing-so-badly man at the gate of middle-age. I was a shabby and very raw youngster who was finding out in his turn, as millions had done before him, that if there was gold to be had in London it wasn't in the paving stones.

I became unaware of the grey of this present January. I stood once more in the gold of a vanished September, and it seemed real.

And all because of the hand.

Yes, it was the same old hand. It had the same five square fingers and the same round thumb, like a sausage.

It was painted on the same old wall, pointing up the same old stairs. There was a clean patch above it, and on the clean patch were the words "To Smith and Kyler's."

A new bit.

I remembered now. It had been Kyler Brothers on that long-gone day when I had tried to hitch my fortune to theirs and had been warned off by the Young Man.

I wondered if the painter of that hand had survived to this new war, as so many of us have done. It had seemed a pretty old hand to me, even 26 years before.

The Young Man. . . .

There was another queer touch. There are no young men now. You are a boy until you are twenty-five or so. Then you are a man or an old boy. You are a girl or you are a woman. There are no young women to-day.

My Young Man was a young man.

As such I still thought of him, though he would be turned fifty now, if he lived.

I could remember just what he looked like. I could remember, although I am certain I had not thought of it since, his trick of taking a pen from behind his ear, dipping it in an inkwell, looking at it and putting it back behind his ear.

Warming up to it (like a man with a new hobby), I tried to see what else I could call back. Without moving an inch away from the hand on the wall.

I had gone, a shabby and young figure, up those stairs ahead and along a short but very wide passage, which had seemed to me more like a room with the end knocked out.

I had come to a yellow door with the word "Enquiries" on it. Anything else, before opening the door?

I wondered. . . .

Yes!

To one side of the yellow door, hanging askew from a nail in the wall, a map. For some reason which probably nobody would be able to explain, a map of Scotland.

I had passed through the yellow door into the general office. It was big and square, with a desk and a little wooden gate right across my end. I could clearly recall that it was lighted by a big sky-light in the sloping ceiling and a window far down the wall on my left.

Everything about it had been incredibly untidy and covered with dust.

What else?

A large calendar with a huge red date. A brass inkwell. A sack of firewood thrown under a desk. A far door with the word "Private." A postcard with a picture of a Zeppelin pinned on a cracked wall.

Yes, I could even remember that. . . .

Why I should remember any of it was more than I could explain.

But there it all was, plain before me as a picture, or a little model stage with the Young Man for a cardboard actor.

NOW that I'd remembered him at all, the Young Man was easy.

Somewhere out of the way in my memory he'd *stuck*.

He'd called me "Sonny" and that had gone in like a drawing-pin!

And of course his trick of taking a pen from behind his ear, dipping it in the inkwell, looking at it and putting it back behind his ear.

I suppose he was a helpful Young Man really, but at the time he struck me as being unusually stuffy and inclined to talk about himself.

Warmed up, I could remember it almost word for word.

"Well, Sonny, what do you want?"

"I've come about the advertisement."

"Advertisement?"

"You're advertising for a boy."

(*Continued on page 22*)

A Cameo of City Life by WILL SCOTT

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

All smokers should

MACLEANS

6D. & 10½D. PER TUBE PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE 1'6 GIANT TUBE

HOW ORGANIC IRON HELPS YOU AFTER ILLNESS

YOU naturally expect to feel a little weak and shaky after an illness. This weakness is due to the all-round drain that the illness has made on your system, and you feel particularly the loss of iron from your blood. Now, the loss of iron is a very serious thing. It is the iron in your blood that enables you to extract oxygen from the air. And, as we live by breathing oxygen, so may we be said to exist on the iron in our blood. When your blood has too little iron, you are like a person stifling in a stuffy room. It is quite true to say that you are only half alive. The wonderful way in which new life returns when the body receives ample supplies of iron is one of the miracles of medicine.

But how can you get the iron you so much need after all illnesses? You get some from an ordinary well-balanced diet, but not enough.

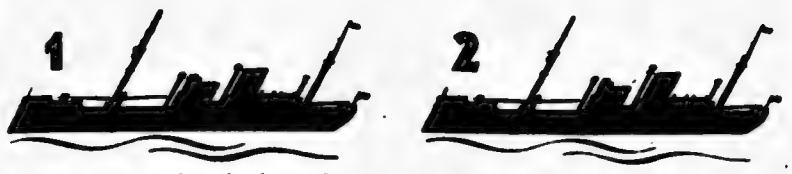
Nowadays, doctors favour Keystone Burgundy with meals as a most effective way to make sure of getting plenty of iron into the blood, and of making up the deficiency after an illness. For the iron in Keystone is natural "organic" iron, easily taken up by your body and quickly put to use. This natural iron in Keystone does not upset your digestion, or give you headaches or constipation as iron medicine may do.

Straight away you notice how Keystone improves your appetite, steadies you and revives your interest in life. Soon, very soon, Keystone makes you feel better than ever you were! Why not get a flagon of Keystone today and begin at once the good work of restoring your body with iron.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 5s. 0d., half-flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (92)

Hints on WAR-TIME SPENDING AND SAVING

Here are three ships



This one is loaded with foodstuffs and necessaries

This one is loaded with munitions

This one is loaded with unnecessary goods

By limiting your purchases of the goods contained in Ship No. 3, you leave more cargo space for the goods we need to win the war. Spend carefully then—buy what you must—but avoid spending on unnecessary things, particularly goods which come from abroad.

Result:

(1) You increase the shipping available for essentials.

(2) You have more money to invest in National Savings Certificates and the New Defence Bonds.

HOW TO LEND TO HELP WIN THE WAR

1. National Savings Certificates
Free of Income Tax. Price 15s. Value after 5 years 17s. 6d. After 10 years 20s. 6d., which equals interest at £3 3s. 5d. per cent. Maximum holding 500 Certificates including earlier issues.

2. 3% Defence Bonds
£5 and multiples of £5. Income Tax NOT deducted at source. Maximum holding £1,000

3. Post Office Savings Bank & Trustee Savings Banks.
Any sum from 1s. upwards with annual limit of £500.

★ To Employers and Employees
Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write at once to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1. Savings Groups provide the best and easiest method of accumulating weekly savings.

Lend to defend the right to be free

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

A FIRST-RATE FOOD AT PRE-WAR PRICES

IN any winter you need the right food to pull you through. In war winters the need is doubly urgent. Strengthen your resistance against weather and war. Make a cupful of Bournville Cocoa your unbreakable habit at breakfast and supper-time. One cup of Bournville Cocoa, made with all milk, is equal to two eggs or half a pound of cod. And you get 28 cupfuls from a quarter-pound tin for 6d. Still the same price, no war increases. And the half-pound tin has twice as much for 11d. Start tonight — finish the day with a hot, chocolaty cup of Bournville Cocoa.

There's a silver lining to every black-out, as these photographs show. And read below how a housewife overcame an evacuation problem.

★ **She hadn't thought of Bournville Cocoa**
Mum: But you've had a good supper, dear!
Dad: I know. But I just feel like something savoury to round it off.
Jack: I'd like something nice and hot to drink, Mum.

★ **She gave them Bournville Cocoa**
Dad: This is the stuff to give the troops.
Mum: I can't think why I didn't give you Bournville Cocoa before — I was brought up on it.
Jack: Hi! Leave some more for me!
Audrey And don't forget little Audrey, either!

Family doubled overnight

How a farmer's wife coped with a sudden increase in family was an experience told to Cadburys by Mrs. H. Newman, a Berkshire farmer's wife.

'I had two children of my own at home, Albert, 11, and Belle, 2,' said Mrs. Newman, 'when the billeting officer asked me to take in two evacuated boys from Camberwell, Roy and Leslie, aged 10 and 8. My neighbours said that doubling my family like that would mean a lot of extra work and trouble and expense, but it didn't worry me a bit. I'd already learnt the secret of Bournville Cocoa and knew that it was a real godsend to busy mothers trying to keep their children well and fit on a limited budget. Now all the children have Bournville Cocoa every evening for supper. It's doing them so much good and keeping them wonderfully fit. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that they're getting the best there is — and that I can afford to give it to them.'

Cocoa makes every meal go further

6d PER ¼ LB. 11d PER ½ LB. NO RISE IN PRICE

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

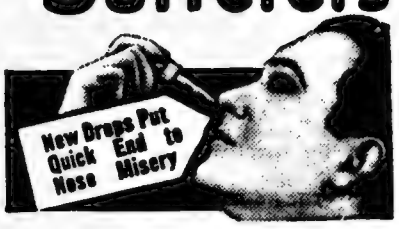
IRIUM GIVES THE ALL CLEAR TO DULL TEETH!
SIX PENCE
SIXPENCE SAYS... and sixpence buys it!
GET A 6d PEPSODENT
THE IRIUM TOOTH PASTE AND TOOTH POWDER

There are millions more people with sparkling smiles and thoroughly clean teeth now Irium in Pepsodent has come on the scene. Irium (this newly discovered cleansing miracle) dissolves surface stains and hidden particles leaving your teeth brighter and fresher-feeling than ever before.

Get the extra value of IRIUM with Pepsodent

JB – still only 6d.! 167-C-B

CATARRH Sufferers



Almost instantly, your breathing becomes easy again, your raw, irritated nose cooled and soothed, your dull, aching head clear as a bell. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. You can *feel* the tingling medication spreading swiftly through the nasal passages, clearing away mucus, relieving irritation, reducing swollen tissues, helping to drain the sinuses. And tests by doctors show that, used in time, it *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick" (Dept. M.), 215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

VICK-VATRONOL
BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

Shot at a Shoot...

THIS WEEK'S THREE-MINUTE MYSTERY

"Drayton was murdered," said Captain Connolly of the Intelligence to his startled host

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY of the Intelligence Staff had only just stepped out on to the terrace when Sir Henry Berry emerged through the gloom.

"Something dreadful's happened!" the baronet said. "Drayton's shot himself accidentally."

"How did it happen?"

"Johnson says that Drayton was fooling around with one of the revolvers. It must've gone off suddenly. We've put the body up in the spare bedroom."

After telephoning the local police, Connolly sought Alfred Johnson, one of the other guests.

"Sir Henry tells me you saw the accident happen?" he said.

"I didn't see Drayton actually shoot himself," Johnson explained. "I was getting a drink out of a spring, 200 yards away. But I saw him playing around with the revolver as I was stooping down to drink, and I shouted to him to put it down because I knew it was loaded. He'd never handled a firearm before.

"It was the revolver that I had been using. We went out squirrel-shooting just before dusk. Sir Henry and Billings took the south side of Clump Wood and Drayton came with me on the north side. We didn't see any squirrels and I left the gun near one of the trees while I had a drink on the way back.

"I struck a match to see whether there were any insects in the water when I heard the shot. I ran back. He was dead!"

Connolly then asked Sir Henry what he knew of the affair.

"Billings and I were just on our way back when we heard the shot," said the baronet. "We decided to pick up Johnson and Drayton and walk back with them. Then we found what had happened."

Connolly then went to the spare bedroom to examine the body.

The bullet-blackened hole in the right temple showed him that the dead wool magnate could not have lived a second after the bullet struck him.

Connolly looked grim.

"This is even worse than I thought, Sir Henry," he said quietly. "Drayton was murdered! Johnson's a killer!"

HOW DID HE KNOW?
SEE PAGE 30.

CONTINUING

Will Scott's Short Story

"Well, the boss is. And so you think you're the boy, do you?"

"I'm hoping."

"Sort of ambitious?"

"Well. . . ."

"I know."

He did his little trick with his pen and then (though only now, looking back, did I fully realise it) he must have taken a bit of a fancy to me.

"Take my tip, Sonny," he said. "Hop it!"

"How d'you mean?"

"If you've got ambition, hop it. I'm hopping it."

"*You* are?" I said.

"What would you expect to get when you're my age?"

I didn't know, and said so.

"I'll tell you what *I'm* getting," he said confidentially. "I'm getting twenty-five bob a week, and that's no good to me. No, Sonny. I might have stuck it for a year or two, if the war hadn't come along. But war wakes you up. It's every man for himself. *Five pounds a week.* That's what I'm after. And I'll never get it here."

"Five *pounds?*" I gasped. "A *week?*"

"Why not? You've got to be up and doing in war time. Cost of everything going up every minute. Don't you read your newspapers? Twenty-five bob a week. No, Sonny. Not for this one."

"Where," I asked, "do you expect to get a job at five pounds a week?"

"Not here," he said. "That's why I'm going. First chance I get. I'm keeping my eyes open."

It didn't seem helpful to me at the time. It seemed like a dose of cold water.

"Do you mean the firm isn't any good?" I said.

"DEPENDS if you *have* got ambition or not," said he. "If you want to get on, get *out*. That's the best tip I can give you."

And, strange though it may seem, I got out. I never saw either of the Kyler Brothers. I went.

Down the stairs and past the hand and out.

Twenty-five years. . . .

And here I was again, opposite the hand, a not-doing-so-badly man at the gate of middle-age, remembering a lot of nonsense.

One war had gone, another come. And a Smith had taken the place of a Kyler Brother.

I pulled myself together. This wasn't getting in the firm's accounts. Upstairs at once!

But it wasn't just to get in the firm's accounts that I went upstairs.

It was to find out how right I had been, or how wrong.

There was the yellow door in the wide passage that looked like a room with the end knocked out. Which pleased me—to be starting right.

Hanging from a nail in the wall, to one side of the yellow door—was a black square. . . .

I went closer and could just make it out. Twenty-five years grimier, it was still my unaccountable friend the map of Scotland.

I opened the yellow door and entered the general office. No young man now, but an elderly clerk, was in charge of its affairs. Otherwise it was pretty much the same.

NO sack of firewood, of course.

No postcard of the Zeppelin. But the skylight was there, and the window on my left, and the far door with the word "Private." And a descendant of the large calendar, itself with a huge red date.

"Yes, sir?" said the elderly clerk.

I asked for Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith was out.

I asked for Mr. Kyler, but Mr. Kyler, too, was out.

"Expected back soon?" I said.

"Ah, that I couldn't say, sir," the elderly clerk answered. "If there's anything I can do . . ."

I explained about the account, and that my people were getting anxious. He smiled.

"I hope you're lucky, sir," he said.

"But surely," I protested, "an account of this size . . . They can pay *that*."

He looked me squarely in the eye.

"As a matter of interest, sir," he said, "do you know what they pay *me*? *And* I do most of the work here. Forty-five shillings a week. That's the sort of firm it is."

He sighed.

"Not so bad in peace time, I suppose, but now, with a war on and rising prices, one has to wake up. Three pounds a week is what I want, and I mean to get it. You've got to think of yourself in times like these. Three pounds a week and not a penny less. And since I'll never get it here, I'm going. First chance I get. . . ."

He picked up a pen, dipped it in the inkwell, looked at it, and tucked it behind his ear.

Nerves and Stomach Trouble

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

In anxious days of worry and nervous strain it is not surprising to find indigestion on the increase. Few people realise how intimately the nervous and digestive systems react upon each other. Worry and anxiety make undue demands upon the body's reserves; the appetite fails, and the stomach then turns "sour," producing an excess of acid—that is how "nervous dyspepsia" starts. To remedy the pain and distress it is necessary to neutralise this excess acid, and for this purpose my own recommendation is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises excess acid, checks nervous dyspepsia, and promotes general well-being.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is obtainable at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

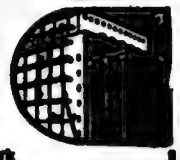
Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc.; to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU!



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There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60% of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

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If you save 10s. per week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2s. 6d. per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save.

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Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

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You can get the energy value of 21 eggs from a 6d tin of FRY'S COCOA

FRY'S Cocoa is FOOD. It helps you to ensure proper nourishment for the family *in spite of rising prices and rationing*. Each cupful of Fry's is brimming with energy—the energy that children need for healthy growth, and manual and office workers must have to keep them up to their jobs. Have you a family to care for? Make Fry's the regular meal-time drink and make every penny count. Get a tin to-day.

DIFFICULT TIMES—BUT ALL WELL FED

See how they enjoy Fry's Cocoa for supper—and how well they keep on only £3 a week. They have Fry's for breakfast also, to give them a good start on cold mornings. With the price still unchanged it costs so little that there's all the more for warm clothes and fuel.

CALORIES FOR ENERGY

Scientists measure energy in Calories—and active workers burn up 4,000 Calories a day. Office workers, housewives, even children burn up thousands of Calories daily. Unless their diet contains at least the number of Calories they use, health and efficiency suffer. Fry's Cocoa is one of the most valuable sources of Calories. Made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, it supplies a large proportion of the Calories you need daily. Add Fry's to the menu right away.

A 6d. tin of Fry's Cocoa, made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, gives you the same energy as any of the following:

1¾ LB. OF STEAK	4 LARGE CHOPS
	6½ LBS. OF FISH
	21 EGGS

ON DUTY IN THE COLD—*In bitter weather the finest 'on duty' drink is Fry's Cocoa. It warms you up in no time and keeps you going. Take it regularly. The thermos retains all its delicious flavour.*

C.182.291239

HUMANIST'S PAGE

Cinderella Wife

AMONG the many problems submitted to me this week by the unhappily married, I was impressed particularly by the sorrowful appeal of a wife who describes herself as "The Woman Left Behind."

Her husband seems to think she is a slave, not a wife!

She writes in answer to those men who are complaining that their wives have gone into the country to look after evacuated children, leaving them to a lonely bachelor existence.

This wife wonders whether the others have not chosen to go away as an escape from the intolerance of marriage.

"I do not get any thanks for always being at home," says the woman. "I get up at six, make a big fire, give 'him' his breakfast in bed, so that he may lie in a little longer.

"His meals are always ready.

"His slippers are warmed and there is hot water in abundance for him. Yet he is out every night until midnight.

"If I ask him to take me out, he says he has been working hard all day and must have a little pleasure!

"I don't grumble at the work.

"It's the loneliness that gets me down.

"These lonely men who write to you, do they treat their wives in this way? Is that the explanation?

"I'm alone every day and every night. I never gossip because the neighbours might realise the state of my affairs, and I loathe pity. I sit and knit, read, or listen to the radio. I am only thirty-five, and not too old to enjoy myself.

"When I had my children with me I did not miss my husband.

"But with the loneliness, the longing for the children, who have been sent into a 'safety area,' and the indifference of my husband, I feel considerably worse than the lonely father.

THIS problem often arises in peace time, but it has been aggravated by war conditions.

I cannot help noticing the question uppermost in the writer's mind is whether the men who miss their wives so much now gave them a square deal in happier days.

Some wives may have been thankful for the chance of escape.

I can't help marvelling, too, that a healthy man should breakfast in bed.

All the jokes against married life can be laughed away when you realise that those who have married once are often willing to try a second time.

Two men eager to be husbands again have asked me to share their problems.

"I am writing this in the solitude of the office and shall be very grateful for your considered advice," says the first. "I am a widower with two children, a boy and a girl, both in the later 'teens, and I have fallen in love with a single woman about nine years my junior.

"She understands the difficulty of my home. The children will not agree to my remarrying. They threaten to leave home if I do.

"Reasoning with them is out of the question.

"Fate plays funny tricks. We were the happiest trio in the world until I met the young woman. It was love at first sight.

"Now I am in a dilemma. I love my children and have mothered them, but I also love my newly found friend.

"Marriage seems the only solution.

"On the other hand, you must make sacrifices for your children. Yet if they eventually marry I shall be left on my own with the opportunity gone.

"Shall I marry again and be happy?

"Shall I forgo my heart's desire and live solely for my children?"

THE children's point of view is understandable. They would regard a stepmother as an intruder, almost a usurper, and accepting her would seem disloyalty to their mother's memory.

But young people take short views.

Years that are so short to us appear long to them. Marriage looks a long way off, yet from the father's standpoint it is near for both of them.

A few brief years and they will be away from the parental home, leaving the father a lonely man.

If he is still in the fifties, I advise him to marry the woman he wants.

The other man, a widower of fifty-two, is worried about his only daughter, who has kept house for him since the death of his wife seven years ago.

"She is a good girl and is not courting," he says. "During her mother's fatal illness I promised to look after her.

"With that promise, she persuaded our daughter to give up her young man and look after me. I have a half-share in the house and a regular job with good money.

"For some time now I have been paying attention to a widow, without any children, and the time has come for me to make a decision.

"My daughter says that she has given up everything for me. If I marry again she will do away with herself.

"She has worked well, and I was perfectly happy. Now I do not know what to do for the best. Shall I put my daughter or my fiancée first?"

IF only the daughter, who is still on the right side of thirty, would fall in love and marry the problem would melt away, but she has already thrown away her first chance and wants to remain with her father to the end.

It is certainly hard on her.

The threat to do away with herself is a terrible weapon to use to beat her father. I hope she does not seriously mean it.

Has she considered what is to become of her when her father is gone?

It is not natural for a man of fifty-two to be living a bachelor life, even for a daughter who is apparently determined to die a spinster.

He has waited seven years.

Why shouldn't he marry again? It is neither a crime nor a sin.

He should tell the daughter that he intends to marry at some distant date (say, next summer), so that she can grow accustomed to the idea.

She will leave home.

The two women could never be happy together. The daughter could either go into rooms with a girl friend, or start a home of her own.

What Do You Think?

"DEAR HUMANIST,—I am a 'bus conductor, troubled by a problem created by the 'black-out.' I have been given a chromium-plated farthing for a sixpence, 'foreign coins and 'duds.'

"When I pay them in at the office they are returned to me and I have to stand the loss.

"Ought I to pass these bad coins back into circulation?

"Should I stand the loss myself? I can't afford to work for nothing for part of every day.

"The 'dud' coins are generally florins or half-crowns, so the loss is considerable."

Passing "dud" coins in the dark is a pretty mean trick, and I imagine that the majority who receive them would be tempted to get rid of them again.

But I cannot recommend this practice without being dishonest.

The Government should obviously be eager to destroy all counterfeit coins and a scheme should be arranged whereby victims can be compensated.

Such a scheme might be worked through the banks.

Until that happens the loss will fall on such private individuals as the writer of the letter, and the most honest people will be most penalised.

Write and tell me what you think!

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Address your problem to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He not only helps in solving your problems but also he pays a guinea for each letter published on this page.

10 drops act in 15 minutes

Phosferine has a wonderful effect if you are run down and off your food. You begin to feel better almost at once. And with every dose you get stronger and stronger. Never hesitate, but take Phosferine if you are jaded, off colour and feel generally out of sorts. There's nothing like it for putting life into you.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

Do black-outs mean 'no walkies' for your dog?

DO BLACK-OUTS mean "no walkies" for your dog? Does rationing mean an ill-balanced diet for him? Bound to! These two factors will upset his health unless you take steps to keep his blood pure.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is the sure way of purifying a dog's blood, now more urgent than ever. By ridding his blood of the toxic impurities set up by faulty feeding and restricted exercise, Bob Martin's will make your dog a 'plus' dog and maintain (in spite of irregularities) a rich, *pure* blood supply. One Bob Martin's once a day will give him better health, better coat, better spirits.

From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets of 9 powders 6d. and 21 powders 1/-.

Bob Martin's

one a day makes a 'plus' dog

WHEN YOU FEEL 'DEAD-BEAT'..

Always Remember Phensic

There's nothing like two tablets of Phensic when you feel 'washed-out', as you can quickly prove! Phensic stops pain, soothes away symptoms of exhaustion, brings sweet, restoring sleep, protects you against illness and collapse. Recommended by highest medical authority.
3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/- everywhere.

THE QUICK TONIC PICK-ME-UP
2 Tablets bring magic relief from
WEARINESS
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LUMBAGO
COLDS, CHILLS

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

In consulting rooms all over the country, men and women are asking their doctors if there is any way to gain relief from common constipation. In the picture above, a doctor explains to a patient what causes this wretched complaint (see diagram right) and tells her why a food brings natural, normal "regularity."

A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

AS any doctor will tell you, the real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk" in our food.

You see, white bread, eggs, milk, and so on—the foods we depend on today—contain practically no bulk. They get almost completely digested into the system and the residue they leave is not bulky enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work and you get constipated.

You need "bulk"

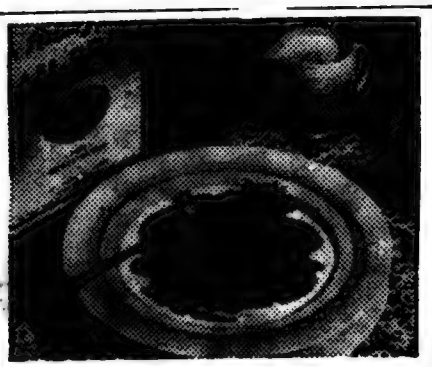
Purgatives and drugs cannot give you permanent relief because they do not get at the *cause* of the trouble. Besides, they irritate the bowel and this irritation may lead to serious harm.

That is why doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran, a natural bulk food. All-Bran provides a residue "bulky" enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of," thus bringing about a safe, normal movement. And All-Bran does more. It absorbs water and becomes soft like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently cleanses the intestines.

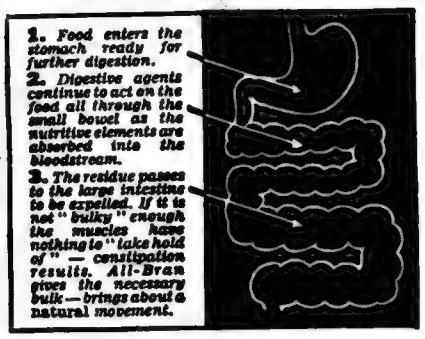
Find glorious new health

All-Bran is also rich in Vitamin B, which tones the intestinal tract, and in iron, which enriches the blood.

Eat All-Bran every day and you'll forget what it is to be constipated. You'll be gloriously healthy, full of the joy of living. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran today, 7½d.



Not a drug, not a medicine, this crisp, delicious breakfast food brings about a *normal* movement because it gives the bowel muscles the bulk they need to make them work. Eat All-Bran every day and never "miss a day."


1. Food enters the stomach ready for further digestion.
2. Digestive agents continue to act on the food all through the small bowel as the nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream.
3. The residue passes to the large intestine to be expelled. If it is not "bulky" enough the muscles have nothing to "take hold of" — constipation results. All-Bran gives the necessary bulk—brings about a natural movement.

A new woman! "All through the early part of my life I struggled against constipation, which made me very nervy and depressed. Not long ago a friend told me about All-Bran. Now I eat it regularly for breakfast and am a new woman—no depression, no headaches, no wretched constipation any more." *(Letter in our files.)*

"What d'you think the blinkin' S.M. said to me at Wipers when I reported I'd got trench feet?"

Always use Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

In Black, Tonette, Dark Tan Stain, etc.
Tins 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

and keep 'em dry!

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. CB/PW/3

Lumbago

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

Lumbago and backache cripple people at an age when they can least afford to be laid up from work. Never be without a bottle of Sloans Liniment. There's nothing better for soothing the torturing pain and removing lameness and soreness from the loins and back. Almost as you apply Sloans the pain starts to fade away and a feeling of relief and comfort quickly follows. Sloans stimulates the blood stream and disperses congestion.

Here's the Pain Where's the SLOANS?

For 50 years Sloans has been famed for its power to KILL PAIN. Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from
RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS, MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS
Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment today. Sold by all Chemists 1/9 per bottle.

SLOANS *Liniment* KILLS PAIN

Voice of the People

- Safe Job Merchants
- Night-Blind Nazis
- After-War Puzzle
- Where "Masks" Fail

I AM an old, pensioned war-crock. I quite see that men who can give better services in industry than in the field should stay at home.

Yet I can give instances in which employers who have never taken their sons, brothers, sons-in-law and so on into their businesses are now finding "reserved" jobs for them.

It is not to help the lads in ships and in the field that good engineers are being turned out of jobs.

It is to protect the hides of the menfolk of their own families, and the sooner something is done about it the better.—R. T. Winfield, Dornton Road, Stirchley, Birmingham.

They are Unlucky

MOST fit men will be absorbed into industry or the Army as the war goes on, but there is one class of ex-soldier for whom there will be no hope.

Compelled to find an odd job before they can buy themselves the next meal, they look on rising food prices with something akin to despair.

I refer to those men who served in the South African and the last war, and are now just too young for old-age pension but too old to do war work or any other.—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN PENSIONS MAY BE GRANTED AT SIXTY-FIVE TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS WHO ENLISTED IN THE REGULAR FORCES FOR THE ORDINARY TERM OF SERVICE. OUR PENSIONS EXPERT WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND DETAILS.

Night Blindness

GERMAN night patrols, exploring in front of the lines, have shown themselves to be hampered by night blindness.

Reason is a shortage of vitamin A, the vitamin found in those foods that are extremely difficult to procure in Germany at present—milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruit.

Shortage of this vitamin impairs vision at dusk and in artificial light.—Oculist, Belfast.

Don't Need Funk-Holes

THE evacuation of hundreds of thousands of Civil Servants is surely the height of tomfoolery.

Civil Servants don't need funk-holes.

Why not go the whole hog and evacuate the police?—John Proctor, Tideswell Road, Shirley, Croydon.

THIS EVACUATION IS NOT NECESSARILY TO PROTECT THE BODIES OF CIVIL SERVANTS. IDEA IS TO ENSURE THAT PUBLIC SERVICES GO ON.

Fighting Footballers

EX-SERGEANT PERRIMAN'S letter about footballers and sportsmen finding safe jobs in war time does injustice, I think, to the footballers of 1914.

Here are a few of the men I served with in the line:—

A. Gregson, G. Scott, D. Kerry and D. Chalmers, of Grimsby F.C.; Tom Stephenson (Cardiff City); T. Hanney, J. Skeldon (Manchester City); McCormick, Baker (Plymouth); T. Coleman, J. Shettle (Arsenal); Gerrish (Aston Villa); Angus Seed (now Barnsley's manager); J. Cock, F. Bullock (Huddersfield); Percy Bairnsfather (Clapton Orient); Major Buckley (now manager, Wolverhampton); Captain Woodward (English international); and Percy Humphries (Hucknall).

Some were killed—others had their football careers ended by wounds.—Fred C. Keenor, Lamberhurst, Kent.

Snow Trouble

NOW that the use of "black-out" regulation headlamp masks is being enforced, it is to be hoped that the authorities will bear in mind that in a snowstorm the slots of the masks will need cleaning out every three minutes.

Otherwise, no light.

There is a lot more snow to come, especially for northern motorists still running their cars in spite of all difficulties, and we must be allowed some form of alternative lighting at times to prevent our being frozen to death after blundering into ditches. — Margaret Tipping, Garsey Lane, Hazelhurst, Ashton-under-Lyne.

JUST ANOTHER PROBLEM TO KEEP THE HARASSED MOTORIST AWAKE WHILE HE WAITS FOR HIS NEXT ISSUE OF POOL PETROL.

Heading for Trouble

PITY the youngsters who will be only a year or two under Army age when the war finishes.

They will have to relegate their jobs to men returned from the Services, who will be granted enormous and overwhelming advantages.

Perhaps they will not mind suffering "in gratitude" for a few years. Yet when they find themselves on the border-line of forty, with everything they hoped for in life unachieved—what then?—H. Aspin, Greengate Cottage, Shadsworth Road, Blackburn.

WE MADE THINGS DIFFICULT FOR MILLIONS AFTER THE LAST WAR.

THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD FIND EXPERTS TO STUDY AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS *NOW*.

Be a Patriot

I HAVE never considered myself tremendously patriotic, but I wonder whether I am not a better patriot than many of the people who seem bursting with it?

So many of them run down everybody who is concerned with the war for the mere sake of criticising.

Much of their censure must be definitely hampering. Yet how can they know whether any particular action is right or wrong when they don't know what is happening behind the scenes?

"Crabbing" never won a war.

It has lost a few.—S. Hughes, Beaconsfield Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

HONEST CRITICS HAVE HELPED TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

IT WAS THROUGH SUCH CRITICISM THAT THE SOLDIERS OF THE LAST WAR RECEIVED THE SHELLS THEY LACKED.

WE SAID CRITICS, NOT NARKS.

This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Race with "Silver Ring"

Spring Double Hopes

THE "normal" list of flat race fixtures for 1940, hopefully suggested by the Jockey Club three months ago, may prove too optimistic. I doubt whether the stewards will be allowed to stage such important events at popular tracks near London or large provincial towns as the "Jubilee" at Kempton Park, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, the Derby at Epsom, or the Leger at Doncaster.

Although we have been presented with entries for the Gold Cup and other big events at the Royal meeting, there is little prospect of a 1940 Ascot.

Even if the season is robbed of many of its highlights, we shall at least make a brave show at Lincoln and Liverpool.

Nominations for the Grand National number 59, not far short of average, and there appear to be about 15 or 20 "possibles," quite as many as usual.

An enterprising bookmaker has sent me a reminder that he is prepared to do business as usual on the Spring Double.

To show my appreciation of his efforts to dispel the January depression that settled on racing, I've accepted £750 to £2 about Titan and Kilstar.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 18, to Wednesday, January 24.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93TLRME would read HARLEM. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. CLTK2X would read BRASSO.

7 YEARS
OF OTHER TREATMENTS
BUT
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
CURED HER!

Another Amazing Case

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

Germolene skin healing magic triumphs again! This poor young lady had spent 7 years in a vain search for relief from her skin trouble. She tried Germolene in despair, but—just as it has done for thousands of other sufferers—Germolene worked wonders! Read her mother's letter.

"I feel I must write to you. For the past seven years my daughter Joan has been an outpatient at a local Skin hospital but without any satisfactory benefit. In despair we decided to try GERMOLENE and I must tell you it worked wonders. She is better now than she has ever been: I want to thank you but I cannot find words enough to say how good GERMOLENE is. You can use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, Mrs. B."

Get your Tin of Germolene to-day. Sold Everywhere.
6D 1/3 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

PILES Try the wonderful new internal treatment, GERMOLENE brand. Price 1/3 per box from all chemists.

NOT A COLD ALL WINTER

thanks to
POTTER'S
CATARRH PASTILLES

Why suffer from cold after cold under the illusion that "it's inevitable"? Even if you are a "cold subject" there is no reason why you should not go free this winter.

At the first signs of a "sniffle," nip that cold in the bud—pop a pleasant *Potter's Catarrh Pastille* in your mouth. Instantly you feel the gentle aromatic antiseptic compounds clearing away the head-stuffiness and melting away the objectionable catarrh. Thoroughly antiseptic, these handy effective pastilles give *instant relief* in nasal catarrh, head colds, sore throat, congestion, etc., and are a marvellous protection when travelling in crowded vehicles or when "'flu is about."

Put up in handy tins for pocket or handbag—1/3 or 1/4½ post free from makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61Q, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure) C.P.5

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Joints Rusted With RHEUMATISM

For 15 Years

Pain so terrible that she could not lift a hand to her head, and had to have assistance even to hobble across the floor. This poor lady's spirit must have been well-nigh broken by the burden of her suffering. She must have doubted if she would ever again be free from pain. But thanks to that marvellous remedy, Holloways Pills, she is better. Read what her son writes:—"Mother suffered from Rheumatism for fifteen years. Her arms and wrists were very much swollen. She could not straighten them, nor put either hand to her head. They were as if they were rusted. Her legs also were swollen, and only with assistance could she hobble across the floor. Now, thanks to Holloways Pills, she has made wonderful progress. The other day she spent five hours out of doors—walking about by herself!"

NEURALGIA

Nearly Drove Him Mad

Neuralgia!—like red hot wires pressing on raw nerves—constantly nagging, spoiler of his days and robber of his sleep. No wonder this man writes that his neuralgia nearly drove him mad. But that was not his real purpose in writing—no, it was to say that now, thanks to Holloways Pills, he is "perfectly happy" and free from his agony. Read what he says: "I suffered for a long time with Neuralgia and Headaches. At times it almost drove me mad. I tried nearly everything to relieve it, but without success. But one day, having tried your Holloways Pills, I soon found great relief. I am very pleased I took them, for I am now happy."

No one whose health is poor can afford to ignore such wonderful examples. If you suffer from Anaemia, Biliousness, Constipation, Debility, Headaches, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nerviness, Rheumatism or Sleeplessness—you should not hesitate to seek the grand health which comes from taking Holloways Brand Pills. Obtainable everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

"I thought safe soap flakes had to be expensive —then someone introduced me to SYLVAN FLAKES"

says this modern housewife

"I was miserly about soap flakes—didn't use them for everything, doled them out. That was because I was using an expensive brand. Quite frankly, I didn't believe that any other soap flakes could be so good at the price. Then a very kind friend *made* me try Sylvan Flakes.

"Now I know that Sylvan Flakes *are* as good, if not better than the expensive flakes I used to buy. I've tried them on woollens. I've tried them on silks. I need less Sylvan Flakes for a rich foaming lather and they get the dirt out quicker. And what a difference in price!"

WHY WOMEN EVERYWHERE ARE CHANGING TO SYLVAN FLAKES

SAFE FOR WOOLLENS That treasured jumper will come out of the wash fluffy and light—like new—if you use Sylvan Flakes. Shower those pure, glistening flakes into warm water and you have foaming rich suds. Sylvan Flakes can't shrink woollens—there's a £1,000 guarantee to that effect!

The job's as good as done when you start with Sylvan, the luxury soap flake at a practical price.

WASHES CLEANER Scientific washing tests against expensive soap flakes prove that Sylvan Flakes wash garments cleaner. The rich lather of Sylvan Flakes gently penetrates the fabric and your things come whiter and cleaner. This greater efficiency saves soap—you don't have to use so much. There is no trace of undissolved soap left in the fabric when you use Sylvan Flakes—Sylvan suds rinse away completely. You don't suddenly discover that clothes that have been stored away have a rancid soapy smell—they stay sweet and fresh for months.

PURITY—NO SODA Beware! You can wear out delicate fabrics quicker by washing than by wearing if you use harsh soaps or powders containing soda. Feel the effect of harsh soaps on your own hands—imagine the damage to woollens, silks and linens! The foamy lather from Sylvan Flakes doesn't contain soda. Sylvan's gentleness will save wear on fabrics and hands. Sylvan Flakes are pure—the safest for anything, whether delicate painted surfaces or your own skin!

Double value for your money in the SYLVAN FLAKES pack!

Use Sylvan and save

GET THE GIANT PACK 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED • NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

for smart healthy Hair .. *Enlist*

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING 1/-

In handy Jars and Active Service Tubes ..

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, W. Twyford, N.W.10 rewds 707

SEAMAN R. HUNT, of South Park-drive, Ilford, Essex, received five guineas for this Reader's True War Time Story. "John Bull" offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be about this war, and it must be true.

Old Man of the Mist

"Suffering Moses! Can't you recognise a U-boat when you see one?" said the Old Man angrily after lowering his glasses

"SMALL craft on the bow," shouted the look-out, and he added in more conversational tones meant only for the skipper, "and it looks a bit funny to me."

"Funny, eh?" asked the Old Man. "Now let's have a look at her. Two points on the bow, you say? Ah, here we are.

"Suffering Moses! Can't you recognise a German U-boat when you see one?

"Hard-a-starboard! Tell those engineers to give her all she's got. Mister, that's a submarine coming at us hell for blarsted leather.

"Let's hope she's not a flier," added the Old Man grimly, "for, God knows, we're not."

Now I'd like you to know a little more about the old salt in whose hands our destinies lay in the next two hours of the most thrilling sea pursuit of the first week of the war.

There wasn't a man serving under the Old Man on our modern freighter who didn't admire him.

The officers said you wouldn't find better navigational skill in the biggest battleships.

The crew raved about his excellent seamanship.

HE had only one fault.

He had once been in a serious collision in a fog, and now fogs, mists or squalls got him down.

He just wasn't the same man when visibility was poor.

No sooner did a mist obscure the horizon than he'd stamp out on to the bridge shouting, "Blow that whistle, mister, good and often!"

The noisiest man who ever grew a pair of sea-legs couldn't blow often enough to suit him

Back he would come within ten minutes to order an even greater din than ever.

In vain the watch below cursed him for robbing them of sleep. In vain the officer on watch protested that he could see a good two miles. Nothing would satisfy the skipper but the continual bellowing of a steam whistle powerful enough almost to blow some of these pocket-handkerchief-size mists away.

I have given you a picture of him as a sailor And now to the journey with which my story deals.

The ship was logging a steady ten knots, rolling slightly in the Atlantic swell.

It was calm.

There was a blue sky above with just enough cool breeze to tip the cobalt sea with a cap of white.

Somewhere below the horizon were the Canary Islands. Somewhere ahead England and home.

Homeward bound with the good wheat that might be useful if certain things came to pass!

We hoped mists would keep away. . . .

"Hey," said one of the watch. "We're going into a war to-day."

"Who reckons so?" grunted another. "It's Sunday, and nobody declares war on Sunday."

"I suppose so," agreed the first.

Then the shout of "Rouse out, lads!" stormed over the decks.

"Rouse out!" repeated the stand-by man on watch. "All hands 'midships!"

'Midships? That's queer, we thought. It couldn't be the rum ration. We had that on Saturdays. Perhaps the Old Man was going to give us a church service of some kind!

"IT'S war," said one of the men, but, remembering what had been said about wars not breaking out on Sundays, we just dismissed that from our minds and waited.

The Old Man didn't keep us hanging about long. He came out looking as miserable as though he had run into a pea-souper.

"Men, we're at war with Germany," he declared suddenly, before he had taken up any proper sort of position for making announcements.

A murmur among us.

We thought it nice of him to give us the news. But that wasn't his purpose. He'd got us there to give us orders.

"There'll be no smoking on deck after sunset," he declared. "There'll be no lights showing till we're fixed with deadlights. Mister Mate, you're going to give the lads boat drill the minute I've finished with them.

"And the boats have got to be swung out."

And so on with orders, orders, orders.

My shipmates prayed for a gun. Armed, they'd have prayed for a U-boat.

Our steering became a ceaseless round of swinging the ship backwards and forwards on a zig-zag course. Our 240 knots a day became 90, and the crazy course we were steering seemed to make home further off than ever.

"Keep a good look-out, men," said the skipper every half an hour or so.

Day and night four pairs of eyes swept the ocean—tired, red-rimmed eyes! Day and night the watches slept in their clothes, with their scanty valuables tied up in scarves and kept alongside.

"Small boat on the bow!" shouted the look-out suddenly, and soon we saw an empty lifeboat drift by.

We knew, then, that it was war.

Now another dot on the horizon, which was to grow until the skipper announced the presence of the U-boat.

UNDER the skipper's orders, our ship swung till the blob of the submarine was astern. Our engines pounded till our modern freighter rattled like an ancient river craft.

Smoke belched from our stocky smoke-stack as we ran as though pursued by the devil.

Our crew drifted on deck.

It was miraculous how quickly the word had gone round that we were being chased.

Half an hour of boiler-bursting effort and we saw that the submarine was still the same size. We were holding our own.

Half an hour more, and the U-boat looked just a little bigger.

We couldn't stay at that speed for ever.

"Can't they give her just a bit more?" yelled the Old Man, but they told him that the engines were full out already.

OUR hearts sank and sank as the realisation dawned on us that, despite the herculean efforts of the men below, that blob astern was growing bigger.

Then a few spots of rain.

No shouts about bad weather from the "Old Man" this time.

After that the horizon and the submarine disappeared in a curtain of swishing rain. Just that lack of visibility that the skipper hated. Yet his face beamed.

The skipper peered into the mist, nosed it as if it smelt better than the rarest perfume, and rubbed his hands together as he gloated.

"Mister," he shouted, joyously, "tell the helmsman to bring her to port a bit. I'm staying in this. I enjoy it."

He laughed such a laugh as we had never heard from him before.

"A squall," he said. "And for once in our lives we need it. *You needn't blow this time, mister.*"

There's nothing much more to tell, except that we got home safely.

England did look good.

Meanwhile, the captain seems to have changed his mind about squalls.

"Lads," he said to us before we rolled ashore, "always remember that every kind of weather has got its uses at sea. Even squalls and mist."

Not a COUGH all NIGHT!

As sound as a top! What a blessing after the dreadful nights she's had! Cough, cough, hour after hour—racking and tearing at her throat and lungs. But she's all right now, thank goodness. 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup worked a miracle in a moment—pity they didn't get it sooner! It stopped the cough at once—as it *always* does—soothed and eased her little chest and throat and brought peaceful sleep.

Children love 'Pineate', and mothers know how good it is: pine, menthol, squills, ipecac, tolu and sweet fresh honey—the ideal cough-remedy for children, and just as good for grown-ups, too! 1/6 from all chemists.

'Pineate' Brand HONEY Regd. **COUGH-SYRUP**

FOR TICKLING THROAT GO SUCK A ZUBE In flat tins 3 and 6

POOLS NOTES

"By Poolex"

SINCE war time pools started, the easiest pool on the coupon has turned out to be the four-aways. Dividends are less than they used to be, but there are good chances of steady, though small, returns for the investor.

Newspaper experts have done well in choosing away winners, and I suggest you follow them.

Many experts publish a summary of forecasts each week, showing the consensus of opinion. The *Daily Herald* Form and Forecast Chart, published each Tuesday, shows this clearly.

Analysis shows that where *six or fewer* out of twenty votes are given in favour of a "1," more than half such games are away wins. My suggesion is that you should confine your away selections to these games.

The list given for the aways pool is restricted. You will not find all the "sitters" on the list, but this method of selection should give you enough games to choose from.

If not, take the games for which seven or eight homes votes are given.

Next week I will give a number of different permutations covering various numbers of selections of away winners.

AREN'T YOU BEING A BIT OF A FOOL?

YOU'D be the first to call a man a fool for spoiling his health. With drink, for instance. Or overwork. Or far and away too much tobacco. Are you quite sure you're not playing the fool with your own fitness?

About this constipation business. Unpleasant, you say? We quite agree, and unhealthy into the bargain. Let's cut out the long recital of spots and headaches and bad health and general misery, for you know all that as well as we do. What nobody knows is why a sensible chap like you lets constipation go on for weeks at a time — and then makes a dash for a dose of high explosive. *That* doesn't help. Just puts a dangerous strain on your innards and leaves you worse off than before.

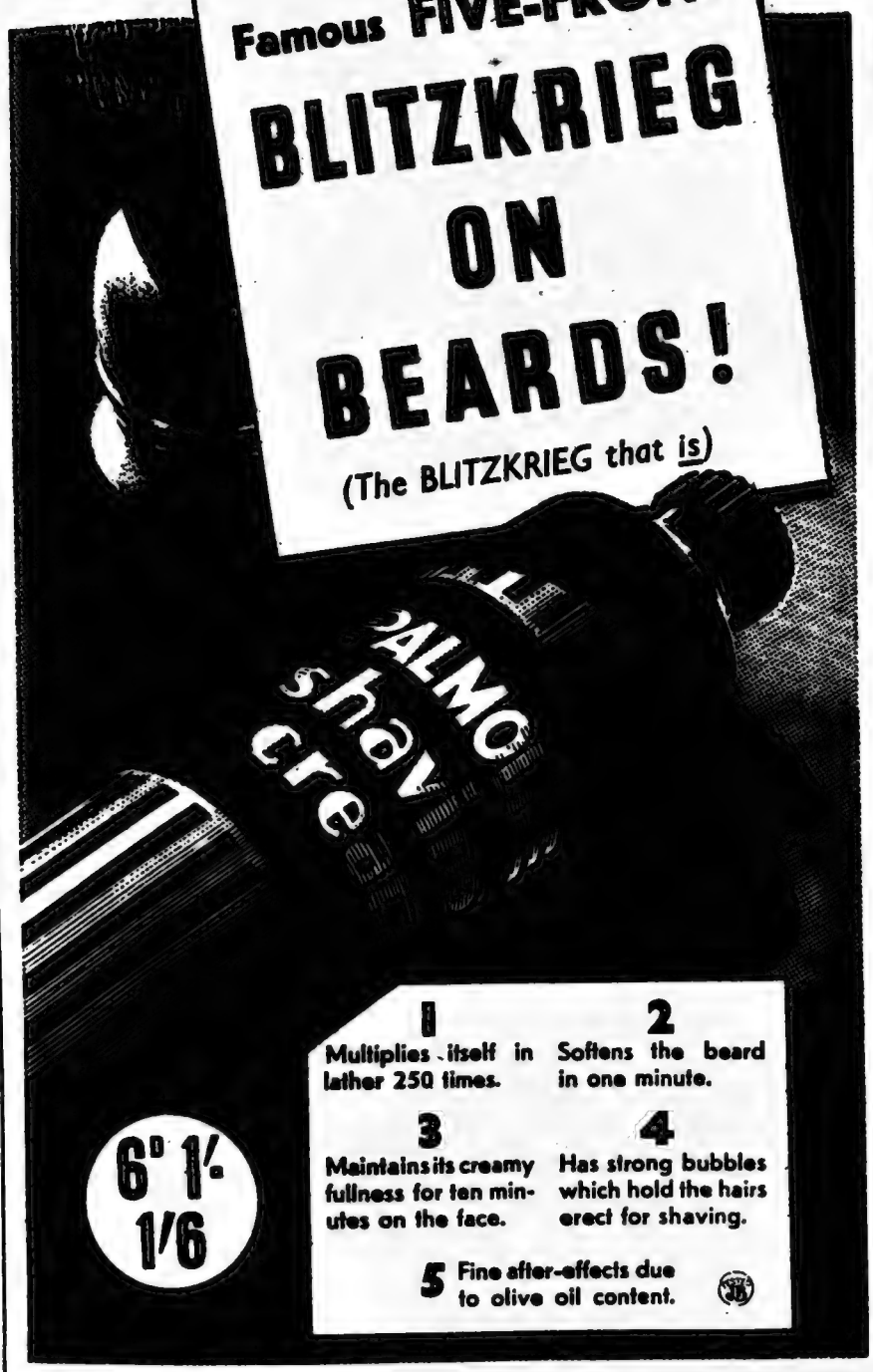
Constipation is caused in most cases by lack of moisture in the large bowel. This lack of moisture is caused by deficiency of mineral salts. Got that? Well, supply the right mineral salts in *exactly* the right quantities, and the necessary moisture is produced in the large bowel. Natural and effortless evacuation follows as a matter of course.

These mineral salts are combined in Kruschen. Six separate mineral salts, blended in exactly the right proportions. That's why a daily pinch of Kruschen ends your constipation troubles permanently. Mind you, we don't claim that Kruschen tastes like nectar and ambrosia, very few *real* medicines do, but it's worth it to rid your bloodstream of its filthy toxic poisoning and rejoice in a clear brain, skin and eye, and maybe lose an inch or two round the waist. And you might remember that *Kruschen does not form a habit.*

So there you have it — which way you like. Fitness, and all that fitness means: or, well — is it going any too far to call the alternative plain darned foolishness?

Kruschen is obtainable at your chemist for 1/9. Other sizes 6d. and 1/-.

PALMOLIVE'S
Famous FIVE-FRONT
BLITZKRIEG
ON
BEARDS!
(The BLITZKRIEG that is)



1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6D 1/- 1/6

An important safeguard to help you in your spending!
When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 3.

WAR'FARE' NEEDS MY FRUITY FLAVOUR
SAYS Master Okay — the Saucy Boy.
Prices as usual
At all good Stores.

MASON'S O.K THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Oh, My Poor Legs!

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto,' the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto',—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal healthy circulation; *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process 'Elasto' dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling 'Elasto' has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. 'Elasto' will save you pounds!

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"'Elasto' put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"'Elasto' has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"'Elasto' tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"The free sample gave me instant relief."

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of 'Elasto' for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: 'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! *'Elasto' is obtainable from Chemists everywhere.* THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.*

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto'* ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how 'Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 20140. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

A Coloured Playboy of the Boulevards joins A. W. Helliwell's Hard-Hitting Giants of the Ring

Champagne Sam— BLACK IDOL OF PARIS

Hordes of angry Parisians tried to clamber through the ropes as the referee raised Sam's right glove above his head. Gendarmes drew their batons . . . .

TO see "Champagne Sam" McVea making his own particular brand of colourful whoopee in the bar at the Moulin Rouge was one of the sights of Paris.

A magnum at his elbow, a glass of bubbling amber wine in one big ebony fist, and a giggling bevy of blondes, brunettes and redheads with whom he could drink. That was Sam's idea of paradise.

Within the roped square of the boxing ring there wasn't much to choose between McVea and an angry tiger as companions. Outside it he was just an irresponsible coloured boy looking eager for wine, women and song.

"Champagne Sam" commanded as much as £1,000 a fight when he was the idol of the boulevards, and how he loved to cut a dash, this big, ugly buck negro from California!

Nine-tenths of the fortune he made with his fists must have been spent at his tailor's, his jeweller's, and in the night resorts of Paris.

NO other fighter could have trained on champagne and late nights.

A week before a fight he could be seen propping up saloon counters in the brightest and noisiest Parisian night haunts, drinking champagne by the bottle and holding court.

Despite his wild life he maintained a proud place at the pinnacle of his profession, and left a boxing record of which any fighter might be proud.

If he had chosen to discipline his magnificent body, the world title would, obviously, have been his for the taking.

Big, tough and easy-going, Sam cared little for fame. He was content as long as he could buy flashily checked suits, purple silk shirts, dazzling diamond stickpins, a liberal daily ration of champagne, and suitable presents for his expensive succession of sweethearts.

He was happiest in Paris, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and similar playgrounds of the rich.

He could shear his way through Continental opposition in the heavyweight division with ease.

It was far less exacting than fighting in the United States, where he was born, plodding the arduous championship road.

McVea had plenty of pluck.

He had fought 60 rounds with the great Jack Johnson in three separate fights in the days when he had been scrapping up and down the Californian coast.

But the bright lights of the French capital suited him. So he stayed there, lionised by the whole of Paris.

Thick-lipped and with a nose that was flattened across a considerable area of his simian features, Champagne Sam was no beauty. But he had the body of an Apollo.

BROAD-shouldered, slender-hipped, lean-stomached, he was from top to toe a coal-black statue of symmetrical perfection.

McVea's three fights with that other magnificent coloured heavyweight, Joe Jeannette, in 1909, are still among the most thrilling contests ever seen in Paris.

Outside the ring there could have been no wider contrast than between the happy-go-lucky, champagne-tippling Sam and the quiet-mannered, seriously disposed Jeannette.

As fighters, no two young men could have been more evenly matched.

They fought 99 rounds that year without settling which was the master.

McVea won the first fight after twenty fiercely contested rounds.

Three months later Jeannette evened the score in the forty-ninth round by knocking out the champagne pug, a feat that only two other fighters equalled.

There had to be a third meeting, but the two previous fights had taught Sam too much about Joe, and Joe too much about Sam.

The best they could do was draw over thirty ding-dong rounds.

Two months after his second bout with Jeannette, McVea had that sensational scrap with big Jim Barry, the rough-house Yankee battler.

Barry was a hot-tempered mixture of Irish and French, and he made a reputation by introducing the methods of a street-corner brawl into the ring.

He was a master of the art of taunting his opponent into losing his temper.

More than once James J. Barry found his tongue more useful than his fists in beating a better fighter than himself.

He tried these sneering, mocking tactics against Champagne Sam, keeping up a running fire of insults.

Parading his gold teeth in a gleaming smile, Sam was deaf to all the white fighter's jibes.

His only reply was a stunning left hook, the punch that had put out some of the best heavy-weights of the day.

Taking that terrific punch flush on the chin, Barry went down like a tree under the woodman's axe, but he still managed to sneer as he listened to the count!

He knelt on one knee eyeing the negro with a level, malevolent regard.

"Say, black trash," he drawled, "if that's the hardest you can hit, you ain't going to win this fight."

Yet the big American was badly hurt.

He tried desperately to catch McVea with one of his crude haymakers, but he could do little against the coloured man's superior speed.

Before long he resorted to brawling tactics, roughing Sam around in the clinches and dropping his punches below the belt whenever he managed to manœuvre on the referee's blind side.

(Continued on page 33)

Mystery Solution

(See page 22)

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY realised that Johnson was lying.

If he had to strike a match to see whether there were any insects in the spring water he could not have seen Drayton playing with the revolver *200 yards away*!

Johnson was trying to capture the wool market, and not being able to beat Drayton by fair means he had decided on foul.

The FIRST COUGH Is The Worst Cough!

STOP WINTER'S HEALTH ATTACK NOW!

NOW is the time to protect yourself from Winter's attack. That *FIRST* cough, however slight, is the *WORST* cough of the winter because it weakens your lungs *BEFORE* the real severe weather commences—leaves you 'wide open' to winter's dangers!!

You *must* STOP that cough as quickly as possible!
You *CAN* stop that cough—*like lightning*!!

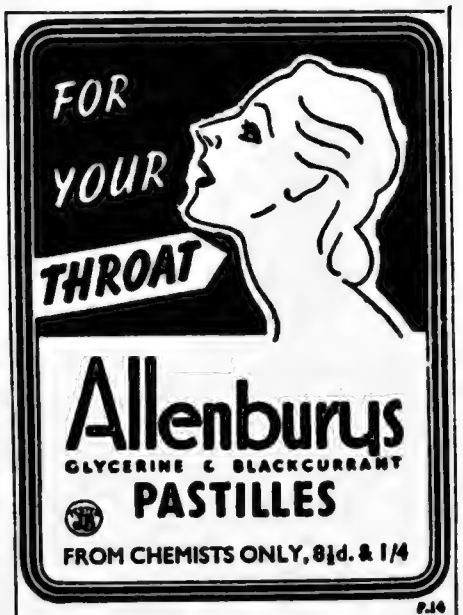
Take VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE—the cough cure that acts up to its name!! Soothes, heals, strengthens, frees the breathing passages and ARRESTS THE DEVELOPMENT OF DANGEROUS GERMS! Stops all kinds of

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough.

Suitable for every member of the family—young and old! Get your supply TO-DAY

VENOS BRAND LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle



Allenburys GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT PASTILLES

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

P.14

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 ins.
Reduced Hips - 6 ins.
Reduced Waist 9 ins.

Grateful Lady says:—
"I thought you would be interested to know that your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT —no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. 'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless. All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, or post free by sending the price to

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 488), 30, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire.)

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Real-life stories of RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Richardson
The Bridge Inn, Stonehouse, Devon

"full of shooting, burning pains"

To look at this jolly picture of Mrs. Richardson you would hardly believe that she had suffered as she has. Yet read her letter:

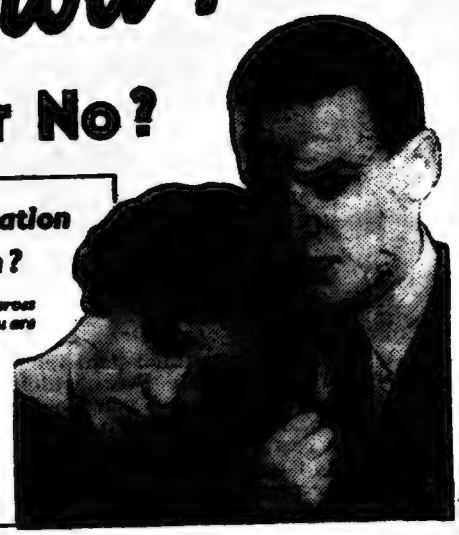
"For months on end my arm and hand were full of shooting, burning pains. I could not sleep at nights, it was just as if my arm and fingers were alight, and during the day I was afraid I would drop everything. Then the front of my feet began to swell and pouches came under my eyes. I thought I must have rheumatism and kidney trouble, so I gave Fynnon Salt a trial. **After trying other things I was surprised at the good it did me,** the pain in my arm and hand began to go, and after only taking two tins all the pain left me. The swelling in my feet has gone and the pouches from under my eyes too. I feel on top of the world, sleep well and eat anything. I am a busy woman, doing my own housework and serving in the bar, so this is how I want to feel."

FYNNON SALT
—a spa cure at home

A busy woman "doing her own housework" has little chance of lengthy spa treatments, but she can take the self-same 'salts of the earth' in her own home. Fynnon combines **Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc.,** as found in famous spa waters, and its effect is the same. Liver and kidneys are gently stimulated and acid waste in the bloodstream is neutralised and rinsed away. Stabbing crystals dissolve and limbs move freely again as pain subsides. Life takes on a new sparkle when you start the day with a glass of water to which Fynnon Salt has been added. Large tins 1/3.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Do you know?
Yes? or No?



IS IT TRUE Iron-starvation causes Nervous Depression?

Yes, it is true. You cannot have strong, healthy nerves if you haven't strong blood to nourish them. If you are iron-starved, your blood is weak and therefore unable to nourish your nerve cells properly. To strengthen your nerves you must strengthen your blood by giving yourself the iron you are starving for. Start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal. IRON 'JELLOIDS' *will make your blood richer and stronger, with a beneficial effect upon your nervous system which soon will be reflected by your happier outlook and improved nervous tone.*

Are YOU Iron-starved?

All of us are liable to iron-starvation. Many of us, especially women, are chronic sufferers from it. It is one of the most common causes of nervous debility and poor health.

The pity of it is that iron-starvation is all too often unsuspected. Not until we have taken a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' do we realise how important a part iron-strength plays in the maintenance of vigorous health and cheerfulness.

So important is iron to your well-being that, if you had no iron in your system, you would die. You don't need a lot of it, but to be healthy and strong you must have enough. If you haven't enough, *if you are iron-starved*, you are bound to feel run-down, listless, nervy.

So *make sure* of iron-strength by taking a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' every now and then. You'll be surprised how much better and more cheerful it will make you feel.

Of all chemists and stores. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For CHILDREN: No. 1

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J 92), Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength."

JB. 20/1/40.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE!

Make your contribution to help the country win the war by buying National Savings Certificates. See page 21

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

Ambitious Readers Don't overlook this offer.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, read the special message and advice of Mr. Bennett (Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield) on page 23. It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject mentioned. Fill in and post the Coupon on page 23 now!

SKIN DISEASES *Miraculously Cured by* **HERBAL TREATMENT**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Thousands cured during the last 50 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin troubles banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, KUERDEN HOUSE, BRADFORD.

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" *on Page 5.*

Distressing PILES
Ended By Famous Ointment.

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the protrusions gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"I contracted piles through working in all weathers. The pain became so severe I could only get about in great discomfort. But Zam-Buk gave me immediate relief and as I continued with this grand treatment the piles gradually disappeared until I was free from them."—Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk

Healing Soothing Antiseptic

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep. Price for Suppositories & Ointment, 1/3 per box.

FOR INWARD PILES

186
30/- WEEKLY for LIFE
and £100 CASH
Win John Bull's STILL BIGGER X-WORD GIANT
LUMP SUM OF £500 IF PREFERRED BY WINNER
£100 between 14 Runners-up
UNLIMITED and SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up
ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing Postmark Sat. Jan. 27

HERE'S *John Bull's* third January Giant—with a fine Cash-plus-Pension First Prize which has been increased yet again. How happy you could be with £100 cash in your pocket and a 30s. Pension Cheque from Long Acre every week for the rest of your life!

Already 104 Crossworders have won our First Prize outright—out with your pen and *you* may well be next!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 186th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, February 8. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£200 plus FAMILY RATIONS for 1940 FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Great New Offer of Cash and Family Rations, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Coach takes keen interest when his pupils do this
3. His utter laziness may make a man disinclined to
4. It's good plan to grease heavy ones from time to time
8. Dish of fruit baked in crust
11. You'll probably have uncomfortable night if sleeping on this in emergency
12. A fine one is often made of wire
17. Getting through this may well be heavy going if you don't know it thoroughly
18. Circle of light surrounding head of saint
19. Tramp lying in this is enough to make many a man want to go roaming
20. Clever boxer may just do this to deceive opponent

DOWN CLUES.

1. One may arrange to keep door open for customers' convenience
2. Competent
3. In some cases pipe lover will take this of baccy with him when going on voyage
5. Climber will look back into this and see how far he has travelled
6. Seasick passenger is probably only too glad to leave this
7. Way people do this when arguing often shows they understand each other perfectly
9. Burglar alarm is occasionally set going by one
10. To do this and lose is most discouraging
11. May make your balance worth less
13. There's sometimes risk of sea washing it away
14. Not very easy to get through when harrowing
15. Something used for sandwiches in champagne
16. Even strong farmer might find it hard to lift a big one

3 BIG CHEQUES and 63 HAMPERS

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 183.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 183, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

R. GREEN, 45, Sussex St., Preston.
E. MARTIN, 55, St. James St., Cheltenham.
J. MOFFAT, Downham, Blindrum, Northumberland.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £116 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 in Cash and New Year Awards to Runners-up has been divided between 63 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Hamper to the combined value of £1 11s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 304 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SHOP. 3. GONG. 4. EAT. 8. COIL. 7. JAB. 8. MOW. 12. TART. 14. TAXES. 20. PRAM. 21. ELK. 22. GRAB.
DOWN.—1. STAFF. 2. PEAR. 5. LANE. 9. CASK. 10. ANGLE. 11. HAND. 13. TAIL. 15. LANE. 16. LEA. 17. UGLY. 18. TRIP. 19. PIG.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 186, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Saver" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 186, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., JAN. 27

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, January 27, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 8. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

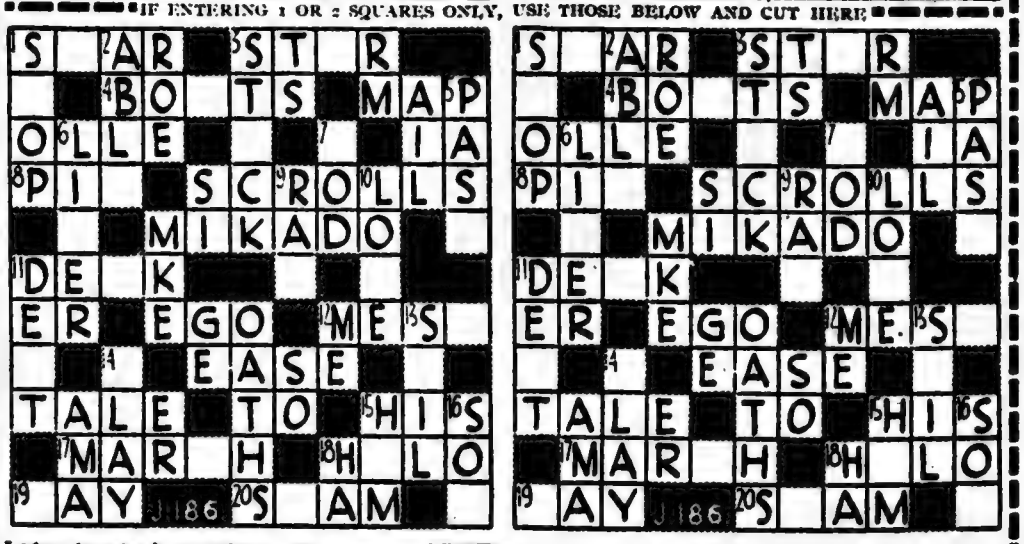
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 186. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, JANUARY 27

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL
NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

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.....

.....

18.....

FOR 1 SQUARE
firmly stick
TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES
firmly stick
FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES
firmly stick
SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES
firmly stick
EIGHT 1½d. stamps
(Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

Continuing Black Idol of Paris

Angry Fight "Fans" Storm Ring

He put McVea down with one of these low blows.

Clutching his stomach with both gloves Sam writhed in agony, but appeals for a foul from his corner were ignored.

He staggered groggily to his feet at the count of eight.

Barry had been dancing to and fro excitedly when he thought he had McVea licked, and he thrust the referee aside as he rushed madly at Sam, butting him viciously in the face with his head.

That was the end.

Sam reeled back with blood gushing from his cruelly gashed lips as the referee seized his right glove and raised it above his head.

IMMEDIATELY the place was in an uproar.

Hordes of angry Parisians tried to clamber through the ropes uttering bloodthirsty Gaelic threats.

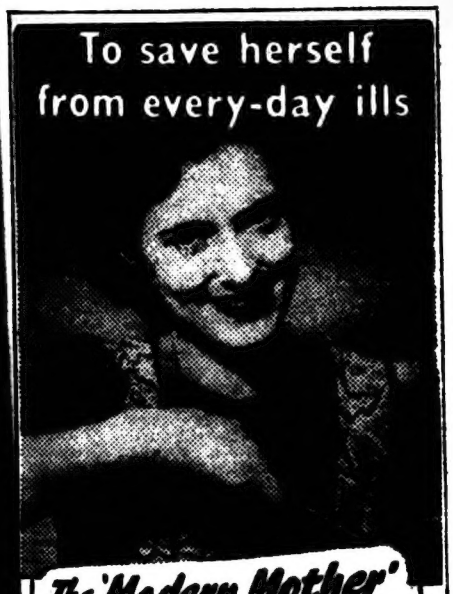
Not until a squad of gendarmes drove a wedge into the rioters and began laying about them with their batons was order restored.

This noisy demonstration was not against the verdict.

Champagne Sam was the idol of the crowd.

The only grievance was that the fight had been stopped just as it was getting pleasantly and excitingly rough!

ANOTHER THRILLING INSTALMENT OF "GIANTS OF THE RING" NEXT WEEK.



The 'Modern Mother' takes Beechams Pills

Mothers take Beechams Pills to avoid constipation, and so to keep slim, active and never over-tired. Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective and reliable. They are purely vegetable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some for yourself, today.

Worth a Guinea a Box

GREATEST OF THESE...

TOO ILL TO GO TO BED

MR. E. KENNERSLEY, an ex-Serviceman, of Shafton, near Pontefract, has struggled hard for many years to overcome the misfortunes with which he has been beset, but he can't go on without assistance. You will agree that he deserves encouragement.

He suffers so severely from asthma that he has been unable to sleep in bed for two years, and he has not been capable of working for eight years.

He does his best to maintain his wife and two daughters, Helen, aged seven, and Anne, aged five, on his unemployment allowance and a small pension, but every week he has to pay out 17s. in rent and in hire purchase instalments for their furniture.

To add to his burdens, Helen has had to have an operation.

Her parents are now desperately trying to find the money to meet these extra expenses. They do their utmost for these children on their limited means.

Surely you can help them!

Donations earmarked "Helen" or for the General Fund should be addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge £1 from L.M.A. and 2s. 6d. from E. S. (Sheffield).

We are especially grateful to those readers who made collections for our Fund at their Christmas and New Year parties and among their colleagues.

Family Rations for You!

Always up to the moment with novel big Prize Offers, JOHN BULL adds to this week's six chief *Bullets* cheques a free family supply of Bacon, Butter and Sugar for the next 12 months.

Turn to page 35 and, in an entertaining half-hour this evening, win a fat cheque plus your Family Rations for 1940!

Potatoes First!

says Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S.

OF all food crops, the potato takes pride of place in every garden. The crop is raised from sets, the ideal being about the size of an egg, weighing two ounces.

Larger tubers, sold for seeds, can be cut into two or more pieces provided an eye is left in each portion.

Cut sets should be left exposed to the air for a day before planting. Two pounds will plant a 30-ft. row.

As sprouted tubers give a better yield than if planted direct from the sack, they should be placed on end in shallow boxes, close together, the end with most eyes uppermost.

Potatoes like rich, well-drained soil, and must have sunshine. They cannot be grown successfully beneath the shade of trees or buildings.

Place manure in the rows just before planting.

As some varieties do better in certain districts, ask your local dealer which are most suitable for your soil. There are early and late types, and a succession can be arranged by planting carefully.

The potato is the best crop to use in cleaning newly broken land.

Newly broken grass land is usually rich enough without manure for the first year, but during growth a dusting of sulphate of ammonia will help the crop and increase the size of the tubers.

Among the best potatoes are Sharpe's Express and Witchhill Early, both of which are kidney shaped. Seven pounds of either will be sufficient to provide the average family with early potatoes.

The early Arran Comrade, a round variety, is regarded as one of the best, both for home use and exhibition.

Plant seven or fourteen pounds according to the land available.

A new-comer to the late crop is Gladstone, now taking the place of King Edward in many districts.

It produces a heavy crop of even-sized tubers of good table quality.

Order your seed potatoes early.

There may be a scarcity of some varieties.

MOVED BED DOWNSTAIRS

COUGH

kept Family awake

A grateful Husband's Tribute:

until a friend advised her to take FAMEL Syrup

"I write these few lines on behalf of my wife," says Mr. B.H., of Lancashire. "She was suffering from acute bronchitis for a number of years. We had to have a bed downstairs and even then we were kept awake at nights with her coughing. But one day a friend advised my wife to try your Famel Syrup and I am pleased to say that we have never regretted buying a bottle. We will never be without a bottle in the house. For since trying your Famel we have taken the bed back upstairs and both my wife and family are assured of a good night's rest. I advise anyone suffering from bronchitis to take Famel."

★ ★ ★

WE could give you hundreds of similar reports of the wonders that Famel syrup has worked for sufferers from coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and other respiratory complaints. Many tried Famel in desperation after they had taken "everything under the sun," as one grateful user puts it, without any real or lasting effect.

Famel succeeds because it contains a wonderful substance called Soluble Lacto-creosote. This remarkable agent gets right into the bloodstream, and there destroys the harmful germs that are the cause of most throat and breathing complaints.

Thus, while most "cough mixtures" only give temporary relief, Famel gets to the root of the trouble by *destroying the cause of the infection*, and so gives a lasting permanent benefit.

Cough time is here! Don't take half measures. Take Famel Syrup, the proved certain remedy and the winter standby in hundreds of thousands of homes everywhere. Take it at the slightest touch of bronchial trouble and you'll stay free from coughs all the winter.

At all chemists, 1/6 and 3/-
(Triple quantity)

FAMEL
(BRAND) SYRUP
Conquers Coughs

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

Get to know that inner glow Warmth & Comfort top to toe.

Victory-V GUMS and LOZENGES
AT YOUR SWEET SHOP
★ WARMING ★ COMFORTING ★ PROTECTING
9d QTR.
SEND SOME TO SOMEONE "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

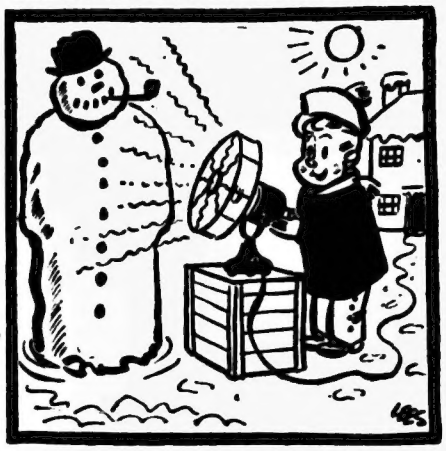
This delicious CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
BROOKLAX
Regd. Brand

Banishes CONSTIPATION Overnight
It is British!
2d 6d 1/3
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Chapped hands
HEAL THEM OVERNIGHT BY RUBBING IN
Snowfire Tablet
3d. Family Sizes 6d & 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d

FREED FROM CATARRH
Sufferers from catarrh will find speedy relief with YADIL. An internal antiseptic which is taken like ordinary medicine, it will clean the poisoning germs from your system even in the most obstinate of cases. Use also a weak solution as a gargle or douche—it is remarkably effective.
YADIL Safe Internal Antiseptic
Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK
1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5

If You're Run-down
—feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom. Fill in the Coupon on page 31 for Free Book, "IRON STARVATION: The Thief of Health and Strength."
—Get this FREE BOOK NOW!
Fill in the Coupon on p. 31.



The Kid - by Lees

MABEL (London, W.).—"There is something about him that impresses me more than anything else." Has he got an extra battery for his torch?

TAXI-DRIVER (Stepney).—"'Never give up!' that's my motto." But when you get a fare you have to haul your flag down.

PTE. K. (B.E.F.).—"I raise my hat to the French officers who are fighting by our side." Surely it would look better if you saluted?

E. M. (Barnes).—"An American expedition has been exploring a large tract of the Antarctic, the only inhabitants of which are penguins." No oppressed German minorities, even?

E. N. (Yarmouth). —"On returning home I could see that the house had been broken into, so I rushed upstairs in the dark, and what do you think was the first thing I missed?" The top stair?

L. S. (Chertsey).—"I think the Government should pay my penny fare to and from my work, which is of national importance." That would make the war cost £6,000,000 0s. 2d. a day, wouldn't it?

F. G. (Luton).—"Before the war I was manager of an important department, but now I work for a fellow who thinks he knows everything." You have started on your own account?

S. S. (Sutton).—"Some things continue unaltered notwithstanding official restrictions." In the absence of Air Ministry meteorological forecasts, the weather simply carries on.

BATMAN (Gloucester).—"Is there anything I am missing by being an officer's servant?" Early morning parades, if we know anything about batmen.

R. K. (Cheam).—"Have you nearly finished those cigars I sent you at Christmas?" No, that's what they have nearly done to us.

R. N. (Truro).—"My brother gave a moneylender an I.O.U., and if that doesn't spell disaster, I'd like to know what does." D-i-s-a-s-t-e-r.

In trouble? In doubt? Whatever the subject of the matter that worries you, we will take it off your shoulders.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All you need to send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE LAST LAUGH

T. M. (Bury).—"In spite of the hours I have spent on them, my winter cabbages have let me down." Have they no heart?

J. K. (Halifax).—"If I go out with my wife, I must have money." And if you are to keep in with her, she must?

BOB (Wokingham).—"I told her my love was as deep as the ocean." Surely you didn't expect her to swallow that?

OLD SALT (Saxby).—"Once when I was shipwrecked I was cast upon an uninhabited island, and what do you suppose I lived on?" Dry land.

S. S. (Alva).—"The girl insulted me. She asked me if I danced, and I took exception to that." You mean you were dancing with her at the time?

R. K. (Ealing).—"What do quite respectable women fight to get bargains at the January sales for?" Next to nothing.

F. F. (Darfield). —"Many married couples take their amusements independently of each other." What a shock for a man in a cinema when the lights go up and he finds he is holding his wife's hand!

B. M. (Bath).—"Farmers are subsidised, so what would I get if I sowed corn in my garden?" Wheat, barley or oats, we expect.

C. L. (Lewes).—"When my husband returned from France he seemed a different man." Perhaps his regiment has got the numbers mixed up?

R. T. (Bradford).—"I am not ashamed to say that I am no chicken." But you are hardly anxious to confess that you are a bad egg?

T. S. (Langley).—"My friend has sustained an injured arm through the negligence of his employer. What remedy is there for this?" Hospital treatment.

J. J. (Derby).—"I'm very worried about a returned cheque I have received." Oh, don't worry, the matter is one of no account.

H. A. (Anfield).—"What class is your son in at school?" He has only to lick one other kid and he'll be in a class by himself.

T. J. (Reading).—"I'm sorry to have to admit that our family has a skeleton in the cupboard." Good heavens! Haven't you finished that Christmas turkey yet?

T. M. (Bromsgrove).—"When meat is rationed, what will the result be if everybody turns vegetarian?" Nairategev.

E. K. (Poulton).—"In a dramatic society to which I belonged, I used to be producer, stage manager and lighting director all in one." As well as 50 per cent. of the audience?

PARK ATTENDANT (London, W.).—"The days are getting longer now, so you know what that means to me, don't you?" Yes, shorter nights.

MRS. A. W. (Bideford).—"The woman next door has actually consented to take in five evacuated children. Now, I ask you, what does *she* want with five evacuated children?" Plenty of food and patience!

JOURNALIST (Herne Bay).—"I heard of an eerie experience a neighbour had had and intended to produce it in the form of a magazine article, but I changed my mind." You decided it wasn't true enough to type.

FRANK (Northolt).—"Where can I get hold of that typist I saw at your office last week?" It's difficult to tell—she's so ticklish.

J. S. (Liverpool).—"The escaping lunatic drew a knife and cut up a side street." Yet another job for the road repairers.

A. H. (Malvern).—"Our evening at the theatre was spoilt by a couple behind us talking all the time. We couldn't hear a word." Why—were they whispering?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/- is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTH CHESHIRE HERALD AND HYDE REPORTER:—"A boy and girl at . . . offered their CONGREGATIONS on behalf of the senior department. . . ."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"Alcohol has formed an important ingredient of ordinary motor fuel for some years, and racing CARDS now invariably use alcohol.'

WALSALL TIMES AND SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER:—". . . he was summoned for allowing five CARS and a calf to stray on the highway."

DAILY RECORD:—"The number of aeroplanes is from 800 to 1,000, and this year the army is being equipped with anti-tank BUNS."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—". . . he was fined 20s. for driving without an insurance policy and his SILENCE was suspended for 12 months."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"The movements of Nazi 'PLANETS over the North Sea during the last few days suggests that this may be the case . . ."

Nearly Crazy with STOMACH PAIN

How like a mother! With housework to do, and getting weaker day by day, Mrs. Stevenson bore up against terrible stomach trouble for eight years. At last "it got so bad," she writes, "that I went to see a doctor. I was on a milk diet and doctors' tablets for months. No matter how careful I was I never seemed to get any better. I thought I would go crazy, until I got some Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets, and took them strictly as directed."

And now! "It's grand to sit down with my husband and two sons to eat my meals with them and enjoy what I eat. I have taken three 5/- bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets, and feel so well. If I have the least pain I take one tablet and soon feel 'dandy.'"

It is never too late to remedy the miseries of indigestion, wind, flatulence and stomach pain with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets, the remedy doctors and nurses recommend. Be sure to get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 tablets), 9d.

A DAZZLING SMILE? ONLY IF TEETH ARE WHITE.

When you meet a woman whose smile attracts because of the faultless colour of her teeth, it is safe to say she has discovered how marvellously the new type of toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid whitens teeth. Use this method yourself and see your teeth improve in colour every day.

Start to-day! Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' This sets up a harmless chemistry in the mouth which instantly neutralizes destructive mouth acids, and blanches away all yellowness and stains besides preventing ugly tartar and decay. You will realise why so many screen and stage stars use Phillips' Dental Magnesia exclusively. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

FAT CHEQUES and FREE FAMILY RATIONS!

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE

£200

CASH PLUS

Home Family's BUTTER, BACON and SUGAR FREE for 12 MONTHS

Win Your BUTTER, BACON & SUGAR for 1940!

£20 plus FAMILY RATIONS

£10 plus FAMILY RATIONS

£5 plus FAMILY RATIONS

£4 plus FAMILY RATIONS

£3 plus FAMILY RATIONS

1 2 5

FREE RATION PRIZES provide maximum Butter, Bacon and Sugar for up to 4 persons, through usual Retailer

ONE WEEK ONLY!

10 of £2.10s. EACH PLUS 3 MONTHS FAMILY RATIONS

200 SURPRISE AWARDS value 5/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

THIS WAY TO WIN CASH-PLUS-RATIONS

NO bills to pay for your family's butter, bacon and sugar for the next 12 months—what a war-time blessing that would be! Such is the practical and valuable addition to each of the six chief *Bullets* cheques which JOHN BULL will make in this topical one-week Offer.

More Cash-plus-Rations awards support the leading prizes, and there is no reason why that £200 First or one of these other novel rewards for a good *Bullet* should not be yours this week.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given below. For instance, working on the *Example*, SPREADING WINGS, a St. Albans entrant added the words, OVER "MOTHER," BRITANNIA'S "BROOD," and so won a big cheque with this typical *Bullet* which *you* could just as easily have made.

With the winning efforts in our 1,201st Contest on this page as a further guide to success, get busy at once on the *Examples* for this fine One-week Opportunity and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 27.

'BULLETS' 1,201 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200

G. W. MEALE, 34, Malvern Road, Billingham, Co. Durham.

Example: IN LOVE AND WAR
Bullet: "ASK FATHER" FOR "HAND."

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

A. KENT, 27, Nightingale Road, Derby.
Example: If Hitler Were Trusted
Bullet: Again. Soon Thrusting Again.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

H. DUNCAN, 64, Falkland Road, Hornsey, London, N.
Example: Back To Blighty
Bullet: Sonny—Dad "Revisiting" France.

(Electric Tea-making Machine accompanies each Cash Prize above).

3 PRIZES OF £5:

C. B. COLBON, 31, Orchard Avenue, Cambridge.
Above The Clouds—Unseen Maker—Invisible Destroyer.

A. DOMONEY, 33, Selbourne Street, Loughborough, Leics.
War Is All-embracing, So—See Everybody's "Squeezed," Chancellor!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. S. SMITH, Lansdowne Road, Skegness.
With All Our Resources—Perhaps Making War "Short."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

J. BRENTNALL, 38, Albert Avenue, Reddish Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
Now Henpeck's a Sergeant—Feels "Swell," Not Bruise!

Miss A. COOPER, 43, Lovat Road, Preston.
The Red Cross—Bandaging—Your "Roll" Helping?

T. DAVIES, 21, Glanllyn, Gwersyllt, nr. Wrexham.
In Life's Mine-fields—Cat Amongst Dad's Onions!

A. H. FIELD, 45, Danby Street, Peckham, London, S.E.
With All Our Wealth—Britannia's Sons *Not* "Soft."

Mrs. H. JONES, 32, Penywern Road, Ystalyfera, Swansea.
The Red Cross—"Neutral" Fighting For *Humanity*.

[illegible] KEENAN, 39, Hurst Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
Useless To-day—"But, Hitler—" *Beat* Hitler!

[illegible] R. MORRIS, 25, Railway Terrace, Skewen, Glam.
According To Grandpa—"Bally Clover" To Balaclava!

[illegible] E. MORRIS, 12, Esmond Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.
Paying for German—Mystic's Mistakes, Mistaken Germans.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. TURNBULL, 31, Rushford Street, Middlesbrough.
Nazi Justice—Suggests "Skunk," Not Ermine.

Mrs. K. WARD, 75, Hartlepool Road, Coventry.
In Life's Mine-fields—Half You Fear. "Duds."

List of 200 winners of Electric Torches can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED FEB. 10, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

18

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,205

Closing postmark, SAT., JAN. 27.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

HITLER FEARS
RUSSIAN BEAR
LOST AT SEA
GALLANT ACTION
WORK FOR MOTHER
ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SO
CHANGED MAN
CIVIL SERVANT
LITTLE HINDRANCE
RAIDERS
FOUR OUNCES
TOO GOOD TO LOSE
NEEDED FOR THE ARMY
OUR BOYS
SHOT AT
UNKNOWN QUANTITY
WHEN THE WAR STARTED
OUT IN THE DARK
WE WONDER WHY
MIDST SNOW AND ICE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO ..... EUROPE
CHEERED UP THE .....
DOWN CAME THE ..... AND
WHEN DAD ..... BABY
TO AVOID .....
..... IS DEAR, SO

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,205

Closing postmark SAT., JAN. 27

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,205 or X-Word No. 186 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,205, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JAN. 27

BULLETS.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with *Bullets*: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

I Have Never Written A Testimonial In My Life—But

I WOULD VOUCH FOR THE TRUTH OF THIS IN ANY COURT OF JUSTICE

I Am Now Feeling That Life Is Worth Living

Anyone Who Is Feeling Worn Out Should Try

"YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic

STOCKPORT,
November 11, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

This is an unsolicited testimonial, and I would vouch for the truthfulness of same in any court of justice. I have always been one that is very sceptical about any patent medicines.

I am 60 years of age, always been accustomed to hard, strenuous work, and up to five or six years ago had the best of health. Since then I have had a tremendous lot of stomach trouble (Gastric), and got it in my head it might be something worse. I got little relief, so decided to try "YEAST-VITE," and I can honestly state that everything you say about them is perfectly true. I am now feeling that life is worth living.

I should have no hesitation in recommending them. I have now always a good appetite, lost that tired, weary feeling, and can eat and digest anything you like. They undoubtedly act on the system with the best results. I strongly advise anyone who is run down to give them a fair trial.

I have never written a testimonial in my life but I thought it my duty to let you know how well I now feel. Someone may read this and benefit by it. Anyone who is feeling worn out should try "YEAST-VITE." Results I am not afraid of. You are at liberty to advertise these true plain facts.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) G. D.

Wales,
November 11th, 1939.

"I am familiar with the excellent production, YEAST-VITE, with which I have obtained splendid results."

(Signed)——L.D.S., R.C.S.

Professional ethics, of course, precludes the publication of my name.

"My Nerves Were Very Bad Indeed"

Blackpool,
October 30th, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you what a lot of good your Yeast-Vite Tablets have done me.

My nerves were very bad indeed and I could not sleep at all well till I started to take them. I have had a few bottles and they have done me such a lot of good, and I shall recommend them, and have done, to all my friends.

I have tried a lot of things but Yeast-Vite Tablets have made me quite well again.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) MRS. M. A.

Worthing,
12th November, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you what YEAST-VITE has done for me.

I am a private nurse, which, as perhaps you know, entails very often strenuous night duty. Before I tried your Tablets I was unable to sleep during the day, also my nerves were in a poor state. Since taking YEAST-VITE I now sleep all day and my nerves have vanished.

I cannot feel grateful enough and shall recommend your tablets to my patients.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. H. (S.R.N.).

I Am Very Much Better

Chester,
11th November, 1939.

Sirs,

I feel that I must write and tell you that your YEAST-VITE Tablets are the best I have ever tried for indigestion.

I have derived great benefit from same, in fact I am very much better than I have been for a very long time, and I believe I am almost cured after many months of suffering.

They are a godsend.

Yours faithfully,
W. J.

Birkenhead,
September 22nd, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the great benefits I and numerous of my patients have derived from YEAST-VITE.

I always recommend YEAST-VITE to despondent or depressed patients, and often purchase it for those who think they are too poor to afford it, and consider myself amply rewarded by the splendid way they pull through a very trying period.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) Nurse B.

Marvellous Recovery At 71

Watford,
November 13th, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

I thought I would write and let you know the value of YEAST-VITE tablets in our family. We have been taking them for several years.

I want to tell you about my mother, who has been seriously ill since last May. When I saw her last August I did not think I should see her again, she was so weak and exhausted and could not sleep. She has just had an operation two months ago in hospital. We decided to put her on YEAST-VITE. I am pleased to say that she is making a marvellous recovery and sleeps well; her appetite is great. She is 72 next month, and now we hope she will be with us for her golden wedding in the New Year—thanks to your fine tonic.

I tell all my friends about my mother, and they all decide to take YEAST-VITE.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. M. L.

After The Second Dose I Began To Feel Easier

Lee, S.E.12.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to you to express how marvellous I think your Yeast-Vite Tablets are.

I have been very, very poorly for about six months with Nervous Depression, in fact people really began to wonder what would be the end of me. I had treatment, but it did not make me the slightest bit better, and then I began to think, well, if they cannot do me any good I am done for, my nerves were getting into such a state and I kept having hysterics. Then a few days after I was reading the paper and I read your advertisement for Yeast-Vite, so I got a bottle and after about the second dose I began to feel easier and I have been taking them about one month (by the way my age is 25).

I really must say up to this week I have felt perfectly fit again. All my friends say how much better I seem, and I really can't help recommending them as the most wonderful things I have ever known, at least in my case.

I definitely shall never be without a bottle now. My reason in writing to you was because I felt so re[illegible]nd overjoyed at feeling better, es[illegible]ally as all my life I have been in the best of health until this nervous trouble.

People tell me a holiday will do me good, but I am certainly taking a bottle of Yeast-Vite with me.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) K. P.

PUBLIC OFFICIAL *Says:—*

"My Sheet Anchor Is Yeast-Vite"

Essex,
November 11th, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

Many people have expressed to you their grateful thanks for the cures effected by that wonderful "pick me up," YEAST-VITE, so perhaps you will allow me to add my quota to those already published by you.

First of all, let me begin by stating that as a Public Official holding a responsible position which necessitates my being out in all weathers, whenever I feel "run down" or suffer from the effects of fever contracted on foreign service, my Sheet Anchor is YEAST-VITE.

I was in Malta and was then slowly recovering from a bad attack of fever which had left me without strength or energy, and passing through Strada Reale I noticed a window, which informed passers-by that "YEAST IS LIFE—try the lightning pick me up, YEAST-VITE." I went in and purchased a 1/3 bottle and I must say the contents of that bottle certainly "did the trick."

My colleagues have often wondered why I make such a rapid recovery after a bout of 'Flu. I simply tell them to do what I do—Take a dose of YEAST-VITE, Nature's own remedy, concentrated into tablet form. It is safe and prompt in effect. It never lets one down, that is why I always carry a bottle when on duty. It is real "first aid" to those who need permanent relief.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. R.
Housing Inspector.

"Very Beneficial"

Dorset,
November 7th, 1939.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few lines to express my satisfaction and appreciation of your marvel tablets—"YEAST-VITE."

I have used same now fairly consistently for the past six years, and find them very necessary for my general health.

Since joining up I find even a couple of tablets a day very beneficial.

I recommend them to others for general fitness.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) L. C.

Have You Ever Read This Offer?

Have you ever actually accepted our world-famous "No Relief—No Pay" Offer? Do so NOW! If you are feeling Run Down, Out of Sorts, Headachy, Rheumatic, or in any way below par, get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite AT ONCE.

If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded.

YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Sold everywhere.

F.31 J.B.L. 107 94*

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